

BARBARA
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COUNTRY & STYLE

OLIVIA

Wholesome,
Rosy-Cheeked
Fun, Fun, Fun

TOM T. HALL
Tips His Beer
To BILLY CARTER

Charley
—The
PRIDE
Of Dallas



For MARSHALL
TUCKER, Honesty's
The Best Policy



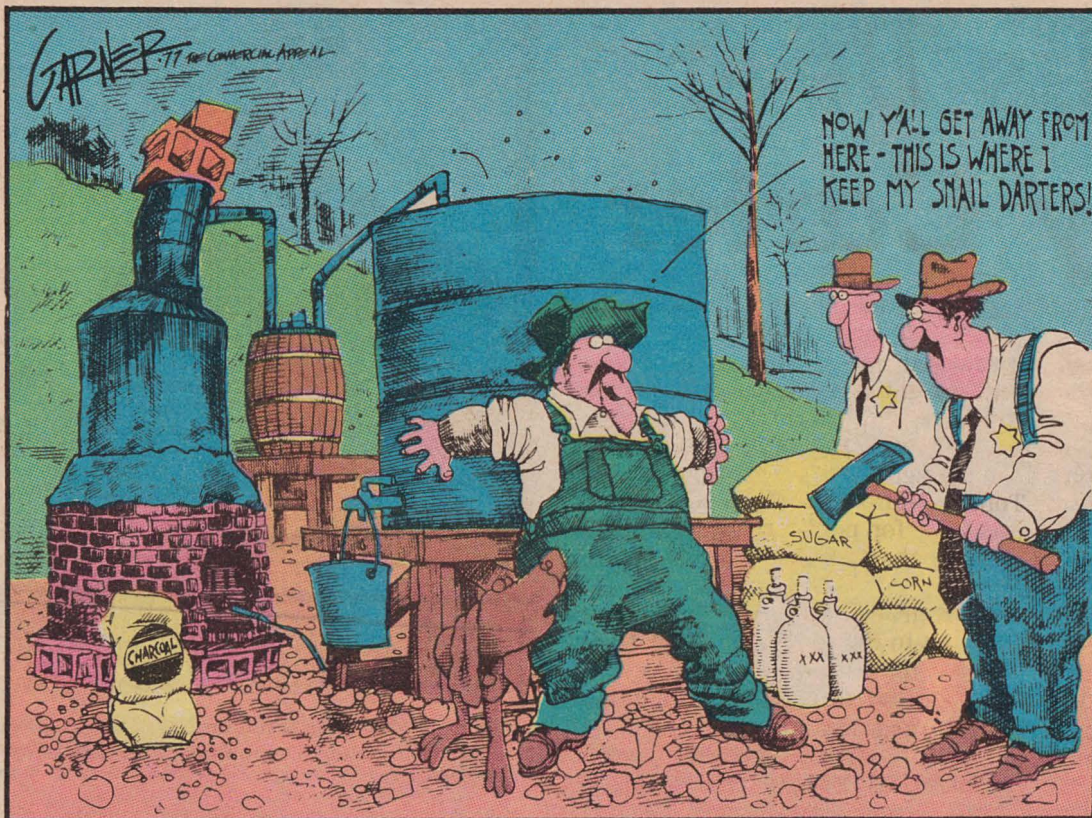
And To Start Things Rolling...

Snail Darter, The Ultimate Fish Story

Remember that song about how the little old ant figured he'd move that rubber tree plant? Well, the message must have gotten around, at least in Tennessee, where environmentalists have written yet another verse about how a three-inch fish halted construction of a \$16 million Tellico Dam project.

We don't know whether the tiny snail darter had high hopes, or any hopes at all, except to keep on feeding on the swift flowing waters of the Little Tennessee River, which apparently is its only habitat. Environmentalists, however, have stopped construction of the dam on grounds that it would destroy the snail darter, which is protected under the Endangered Species Act.

Lawyers for the Tennessee Valley Authority have fought against the impasse, claiming jobs, energy and a better standard of living for people of the three-state Tellico Dam region are more important than the survival of the fish. The courts, including the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati, have seen otherwise. All of which means the TVA, the environmentalists, the Environmental Protection Agency and the humble snail darter may all end up in the same stew, the Supreme Court.



Business Suits 'Fashion Activist'

A Nudie suit. It kind of has a ring to it.

A Harvey Krantz suit. Sounds like a cracked bell. Nevertheless, Los Angeles tailor Harvey Krantz may just replace Nudie the tailor as country music's star studded tailor.

Nudie's garish suits—bangles, beads, speckles, rhinestones and various doodads—have been the norm. Porter Wagoner comes

to mind.

Krantz, who calls himself a fashion "activist," not a designer, is becoming rich and popular in Nashville. And of course, like any young Turk who wants to overthrow the kingdom, he has nothing good to say about the current sartorial situation.

"The people in Nashville have been dressing terribly," Krantz opines. "Just awful. They need help. I'm speaking of entertainers mainly. They are still obsessed with rhinestones up and down their pants."

And that's not all. "They need to spend more money," he continues, hastening to add: "Not necessarily with me. But they need to spend

more money on clothes. I can't believe they get on stage all across the country wearing what they're wearing," he says.

Krantz has found support for his views. His clients include Roy Clark, Hank Snow, the Oak Ridge Boys, Ronnie Milsap, Mel Tillis, Faron Young, Donna Fargo, Barbara Mandrell, Freddie Fender and Bobby Goldsboro.

The 48-year-old tailor is very selective. He accepts no walk-in traffic; most customers are referred to him.

He doesn't wear flashy clothes himself, however. "I'm just a tailor," he says. "I can't afford to outdo the stars."

Some Pickin' For Nashville Public TV

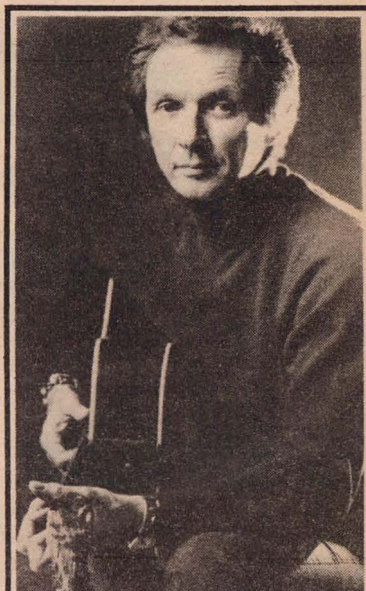
When Nashville's public television station WDCN-TV wanted to pick up some extra cash to cover operating costs recently, it called upon the local pool of songwriters to lend their talented hands for a five-hour session of pickin' and prevarication. Co-hosts Nat Stuckey and Ed Bruce jawed with fellow tunesmiths Harlan Howard, Bobby Borchers, Ray Pennington, Sterling Whipple, Kenny O'Dell, Lorene Mann, Jeannie Sealey, Dottie West, Glen Martin and Linda Hargrove. Many viewers pledged as much as \$200 to hear a favorite song and the station was \$8,000 richer when the singing stopped. Patsy Bruce, of the Nashville Songwriters Assn. International, produced the show.



Pickin' for public TV is Harlan Howard, joined (l to r) by Ed Bruce, Bobby Borchers and Nat Stuckey.

Shot Down

Television viewers who long for the return of the horse opera will have to content themselves with reruns of "Gunsmoke," at least for the time being. CBS had promised to bring back the TV western, but according to chief programmer Bud Grant, "the workable western is a problem for television today (because) the public has in its mind that the West was very violent. To try to put a nonviolent western on the air is very difficult." We assume that goes for non-violent police shows and pacifistic World War II series as well.



Stuttering No Hindrance For Tillis

Should you tinker with success? That's the question Mel Tillis has been mulling lately. The man who wrote "Ruby, Don't Take Your Love To Town" and "Detroit City" and was named CMA entertainer of the year for 1976 has reached the top as a talk show guest, despite his stuttering.

Now he says someone sent him a book on how to cure stuttering and he's frankly a bit apprehensive about opening the cover. "It's in my briefcase. I've picked it up and I've looked at it," Tillis admits.

"I've debated about reading it or not," Tillis, riding the crest of two country hits, "Good Woman Blues" and "Heart Healer," says he stutters less as he becomes more confident and successful.

"Since things have happened the way they have, on the talk shows, it has helped me to enjoy a whole lot more and it also gives hope for other people who stutter," he explained.

Tom T. Hall Tips His Beer To Billy Carter

By BOB BATTLE

NASHVILLE—Tom T. Hall raised his customized Gibson guitar to the microphone and his cylindrical mug of brew to his lips as he prepared to sing a toast to "good ol' boy" Billy Carter.

"In just a few minutes, he's going to be 40 years old," Tom T. blurted out. His watch showed five minutes until midnight—March 28. "I want to dedicate this song to one of the nicest gentlemen I have ever met."

The tune was one as familiar to the ardent followers of Tom T. as "Old Dogs, Children and Watermelon Wine," or "The Year That Clayton Delaney Died."

But the words the famed country singer-songwriter delivered from the stage of the Old Time Pickin' Parlor in Nashville had been changed to honor Plains' No. 2 citizen.

The president's brother—who would like to put country music in the White House and send tour buses on their way home—chugged on a can of Pabst Blue Ribbon beer as Tom T. filled the airwaves with:

*"Last night I dreamed I passed
through the scene,
"And I went to a place so sub-
lime—Plains;
"The water was clear; it tasted
like beer;
"But Jimmy turned it all into wine.
"I like beer—it makes me a jolly
good fellow..."*

The packed nightclub, aware that both Tom T. and Brother Billy enjoy an occasional can of cold brew, roared with laughter and then echoed with applause.

Now it was midnight. Billy was 40. The audience was enthusiastic about Tom T. Hall's new stage show. And it was time for public recognition of the nation's best-known service station owner.

The Carters—Billy and Sybil—were escorted to the spotlight. WSM Radio, home of the Grand Ole Opry, was now carrying the show live on the Ralph Emery program.

"I don't make speeches," said a smiling Billy who earlier in the day hosted a press conference, complete with peanuts and Pabst. "The Yankee press—with the help of Tom T.—has started a dirty, vicious rumor that I like beer."

"I do," he said, taking a big gulp.

The toast to Brother Billy—and the radio portion of the program—ended about 12:30 a.m. March 29 with Tom T. and Sybil harmonizing as a duet with "All In The Game."

Billy said he had been to the White House only once since his brother moved in—and didn't think much of it anyway.

For one thing, he said, there was a ban on alcoholic beverages (as was noted in Tom T.'s new version of "I Like Beer") and, for another, "it's too darn big and there are too many folks I don't know."

But apparently the beer-chugging,



Tom T. Hall, the artist, and Billy Carter, the country music fan, have more than the Nashville sound in common. Maybe the title of Tom T.'s song best explains it: "I Like Beer."

wise-cracking brother of James Earl Carter—who pumped 10,000 more gallons of gasoline than he ever sold before in his life—is fed up with the invasion of "outsiders" to his tourist-torn Georgia town.

He's moving 19 miles north of Plains—but not selling his service station.

All for the sake of privacy. He added that he wished Jimmy Carter had told everyone during his campaign that he was from Atlanta.

"There's no way they could mess up Atlanta any more than it is," he grinned.

The Carters—parents of six children—said the youngsters had to be "considered" when the decision to move was made.

The new home, Mrs. Carter said as

she talked over the noisy background of the Second Avenue nightspot, is brick with three bedrooms. But three additional rooms are being added, she was quick to explain.

Brother Billy said he gets no money from Pabst Blue Ribbon for the substantial endorsement he affords the company's product, "but I'd love to have free beer all the time," he reflected.

Mrs. Carter, who is almost as outspoken as her nationally famous husband, does not like beer. "But I will take a bourbon and branch water," she said.

Billy downed two cans of Blue Ribbon during his first 30 minutes at the Pickin' Parlor—and then reached for a mug similar to the one Tom T. was using.

An enterprising writer—noting that the beer cans would become collectors' items—secured them from the "good ol' boy."

Nashville agent Tandy Rice likely will have Brother Billy "on the road" at least for the next four years, giving him an opportunity to voice his opinions on topics ranging from his sex life ("I still do it once a week") to marijuana to the ERA.

"Coors beer, that's like marijuana," Carter opined, adding he has never sampled the drug and isn't sure it should be decriminalized.

How about prostitution, he was asked. "Never tried that either," he retorted.

As for his views on the ERA, he told a female reporter: "You'd make a damn good cook, ma'am, but I'm not sure about a reporter."

And despite his professed love for country music—in particular songs by Tom T. Hall and Mel Tillis—Carter nixed the possibility he might take time to cut some country tunes.

"Won't do no singin', no damn where," he asserted, eyeing Hall. "Well, how do you think I'd look competing against him???"



Tom T. Hall and his Storytellers try out their new road show on a Nashville audience at the Old Time Pickin' Parlor on Monday night, March 28. If the local reaction was any indication, Tom T. can sing all the way to the bank.

Inside COUNTRYSTYLE

James Talley, Workers' Hero

He's a poet and a picker, a painter and a proletarian. He's James Talley and the First Family's favorite. Page 6.

Bluegrass Bonanza

It's springtime and bluegrass is in bloom! The "high, lonesome" sound of old time picking and fiddling is echoing from the hills of BLUEGRASS LAND, humorously described beginning on page 8. **CountryStyle** also takes you to Washington, D.C., for a look at the CAPITAL CITY of bluegrass (page 9), as well as to the northwoods of Wisconsin (page 10), where the sound of tricky picking is drowning out even the clang of milk cans. Wrap it up with a **CountryStyle** schedule of BLUEGRASS FESTIVALS.

Faron Young, A Near Miss

He was just a little too late to become a singing cowboy star and just a little too early to really soar as a rockabilly country star. He's Faron Young, the Singing Sheriff and today a gray-haired nightclub crooner. His story begins on Page 12.

He's The PRIDE Of Dallas

When they handed out country voices, Charley Pride was right at the front of the line to nab one of the smoothest baritones in the bunch. With a personal discipline and charm, the major league baseball prospect turned to singing when injuries tagged his hopes of a career on the diamond almost at first base. "My ambition was to break all Babe Ruth's records," he recalls, and with nearly 30 of the long-playing stereo variety behind him, he's made his mark one for younger performers to shoot for. Only as an afterthought do his fans mention that Charley Pride, like baseball great Jackie Robinson, was the man who broke the color barrier in country music. See Page 13.

Honky-Tonking, The Barroom Blues

"Born To Lose" became the anthem of the servicemen who returned after World War II to find the simple lifestyle they had fought for was fast changing, that their friends and family had moved to the city and life was bleaker, harsher and somehow cock-eyed. Country music was changing for that, away from the escapist happy sounds of western swing to the more realistic, hurtin' sounds of the honky-tonks. Country reflects America's loss of innocence in the History of Country Music, chapter eight, page 14.



Olivia Newton-John

Lovely Livvy

Ever since Ralph Emery first broke Olivia's songs on WSM Radio in 1971, you hear her music everywhere—from dentist offices to elevators. Can this be country music? Page 23.

An Arabian Adventure

Mobbed by adoring fans from 27 different countries, being whisked from stage door into buses by guards, catching stares in local marketplaces. Barbara Mandrell says she felt a little like Elvis on her recent tour of Saudi Arabia, the first time a country performer has been invited to the oil rich nation. She shares her fascinating experiences beginning on Page 36.

Canadian Country

There's more than Mounties and lumberjacks in Canada, and although it took some government intervention to make it possible, a country music scene is growing strong in the northwoods. Learn about the Canadian Willie Nelson and Loretta Lynn, on Page 46.

Honesty Pays For The MTB

Honesty, the Marshall Tucker Band believes, is the best policy. That is, if you want to make it in music. The Spartanburg, S.C., boys have found an avid following by bringing their music to the people and playing it straight and good. "No frills, that's us," is how bassist Tommy Caldwell puts it, and with their sixth album, "Carolina Dreams," doing well on the charts, the Tucker boys have reason to believe. See Page 48.



Barbara Mandrell



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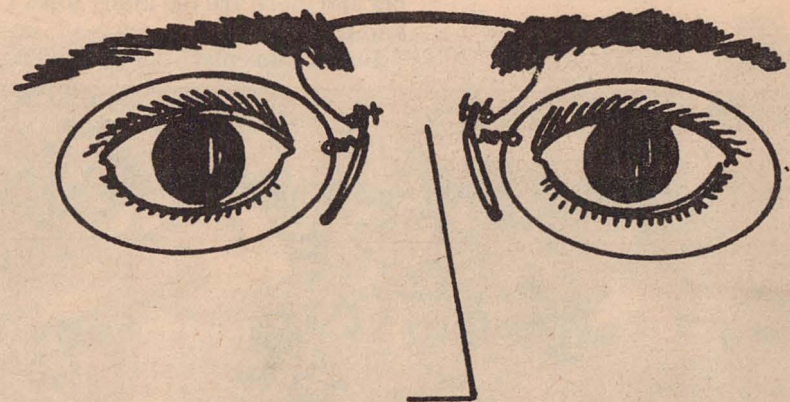
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WATCH US CHANGE



During 1976, 336 magazines were founded in the U.S. Thirty-three are still publishing. **CountryStyle** is one of those 33.

We have survived the first year against incredible odds, and not only did we outlast 303 competitors, but we are flourishing. And growing.

You might say we're a success, and you'd be right. But rather than sit back, content with our accomplishments, and blow our own horn, we're looking for ways to improve. After all, we'd like to be around for a long time. And in the highly competitive magazine field, you either stay on top or you get out of the business.

That's why we're changing—to a new, and better format. A format that's easier for you, our reader, to handle.

It won't be a drastic change—you'll still recognize us. But **CountryStyle** will be brighter and easier to read. And better than ever.

Watch for us on the newsstand, and come along as we change.

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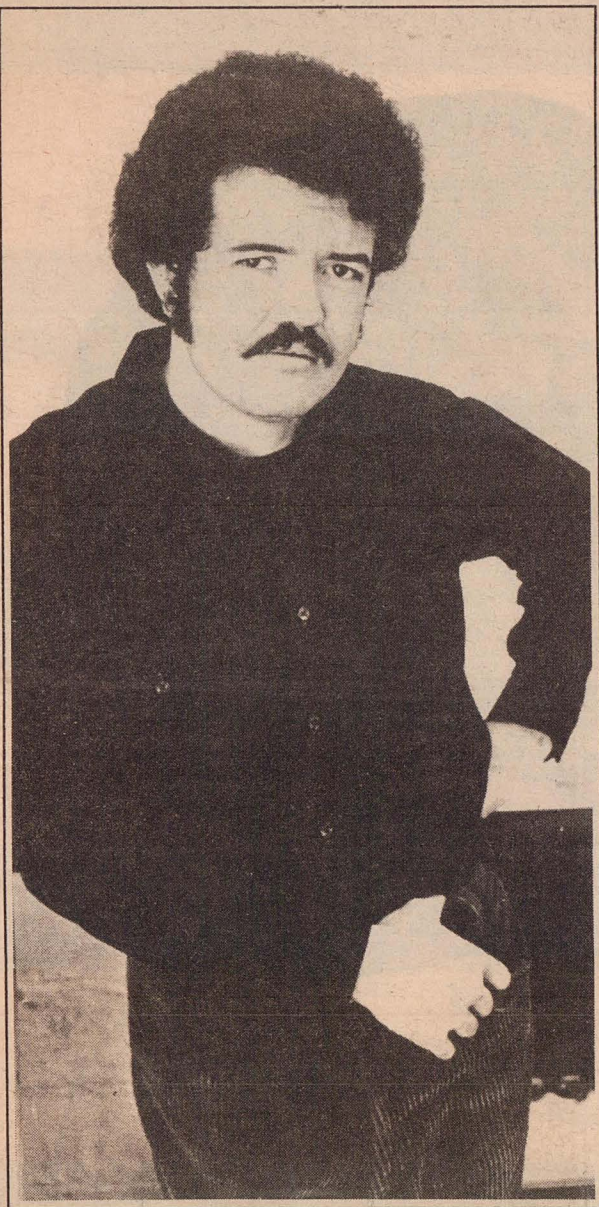
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James Talley

By JAMES NEFF



"We're locked into radio in this country," Talley believes. "I don't want to use the word pathetic, but it's somewhere around there."

As a student at UCLA, songwriter/singer James Talley showed some of his poems to a favorite English professor. "The thing I like," the teacher responded, "is when you want to tell someone something, you paint a picture so he sees it himself." That talent comes as no surprise if you're familiar with the work of the Oklahoma-born-and-reared Talley, who has been a landscape painter and a graduate student of 1930s American art. His songs testify his faith in the common man. They tell of the dignity and simple pleasures of the working life. Like the songs of Talley's idol, fellow Oklahoma folk-poet Woody Guthrie, his songs touch on politics.

"I don't consider myself a political writer," Talley explains in a soft drawl. "Rather than do a diatribe, I paint a picture on a human level." Consider the lyrics from his song, "Are They Gonna Make Us Outlaws Again," from his second album, "Tryin' Like the Devil."

*So you never picked no peaches,
You never rode no boxcar train,
Never worked out on a road gang
Or slept out in the rain,
But when you see a good man
Have to struggle, sweat and strain,
And when a man can't feed his children
Don't it stop and make you think—
Are they gonna make us outlaws again?*

©1975 Hardhit Music

The lyrics suggest a hungry man has the right to steal to feed his family. These are anarchist sentiments, to be sure. Nevertheless, President Carter and wife Rosalyn spoke reverently of Talley's albums when Barbara Walters asked them what they would be taking to the White House from Plains, Ga. Since that interview, Talley and his wife appeared at the inauguration and received media attention that has boosted his career immensely.

Landscape Painter, Art Student, Singer Paints Word Pictures



James Talley with some of the people he worked with when he was administering health services to the poor. The man on the right is Magnolia Boy, who inspired the song by the same name on "Blackjack Choir."

"It gives me faith that the guy who's steering the country can sensitively get into my music," Talley says.

He picks guitar and sings in an unembellished, plaintive way. His self-produced albums are spare and terse and feature a variety of musicians, from

Johnny Gimble and Josh Graves to B.B. King. King last played as a sideman more than 20 years ago on an

Otis Spahn session in Chicago.

"I felt he was the man to play 'Bluesman' (a cut on Talley's latest, "Blackjack Choir"). He came into the studio and said, 'Today I'm your man. I'll play it until you're happy with it.' When I took him to the airport, he said, 'Jim, you've got my home number. I never once thought about money. I don't know how much I'm being paid. Now if you hear anything you don't like on it, I'll fly in from anywhere in the country and do it again.'"

The Talley-King union is probably the first time a black bluesman and a white country singer have recorded together since Louis Armstrong and Jimmie Rodgers recorded "Standin' on the Corner" in the late 1920s.

"Blackjack Choir" is getting some airplay, and a single from that album, "Alabama Summertime," has been released. Talley hopes for a hit single but tempers his hope, realizing the demand for short playlists and for "commercial sound."

"The way we're locked into radio in this country—I don't want to use the word pathetic, but it's somewhere around there. Radio programmers underestimate the intelligence of the listener,"

he states.

Although he hasn't been able to garner airplay, Talley has snared the best critical acclaim this side of Bob Dylan. Nearly every major magazine and newspaper has raved about his music.

Yet Capitol Records has been unable to "break" Talley, and it's frustrating for both. Talley thinks things will start snowballing for him, the way they did for Willie Nelson, another artist whose records were thought at first to be uncommercial. So far, Talley has earned little money—he's in debt to Capitol \$100,000 for advances paid against future royalties. "Just now my band and I are able to go out on the road and not lose money,"

he informs.

Talley's persistence indicates he'll find success. He was born in Mehan, Okla., to working class parents who courted to Bob Wills at the legendary Cain's Academy Ballroom in Tulsa. After attending the University of California and the University of New Mexico for graduate studies, Talley realized, "There's something out there in the street that's really happening." He left his cloistered academic environment and became a \$420-a-month welfare case worker in

Albuquerque. All along, he wrote songs.

He arrived in Nashville in 1968 and tried selling his compositions. In 1973 he signed with Atlantic. That marriage yielded one single. In the meantime, he hung sheetrock and did carpentry and construction work to earn money to feed his family. Then, like many aspiring writers and regional musicians, he took things into his own hands and in 1974 recorded at his own expense. He earned studio time in exchange for helping to build the studio. He paid Johnny Gimble, Josh Graves and a bunch of young Nashville pickers and pressed 1,000 copies of the album, "No Bread, No Milk, No Money, But We Sure Got A Lot Of Love."

Capitol Records liked what it heard and signed him. A year later he recorded a more blues flavored album, "Tryin' Like the Devil," which the Los Angeles Times said "may prove to be the most important new arrival in country music since Kris Kristofferson in 1970."

So far, the listening public has not responded as enthusiastically as the critics, who are writers themselves and quick to praise music a step removed from the mass produced "product."

In the meantime, Talley awaits acceptance. "If you see me touring by myself, then you know I really need the money," he says. "It's cheaper, but I have worked so hard to get my sound together I really don't want to do that." Spoken like a true working man.

Country Folk

Muhammad Ali Jabs At Music

By JAMES NEFF

Boxing champ **Muhammad Ali** has his own theory about music: "White people sing that choo-choo music—like **Johnny Cash**. That's not black music. Black people usually sing about trouble, usually trouble with women." We think Ali needs a dose of **George Jones** and some honky-tonks if he thinks country music ain't about lost love.

Laura Lee McBride, the first female singer with **Bob Wills**, **Patsy Montana** and **Kenneth Threadgill** make up the judges' panel for the May 27 National Yodeling Contest at the Kerrville Folk Festival. . . .

Stoney Cooper, 58, never regained consciousness after suffering a heart attack last February, but his wife **Wilma Lee** never lost faith the two would be performing on the Grand Ole Opry again. Stoney died March 22. Cooper and his wife performed together for more than 40 years, 20 of them at the Opry. Their popular hits include "There's a Big Wheel," "Midnight Special" and "Rachel's Guitar." **Roy Acuff** remembers Cooper as "the most humble person I've ever seen. He was always so nice."

Danny Davis, leader of the Nashville Brass, underwent a hernia operation, but that didn't sideline him. Danny is leading his brass at concerts—seated in a wheelchair!

Olivia Newton-John was upstaged at her own birthday party recently when Gov. **Jerry Brown** arrived with **Linda Ronstadt** in tow—only to lose her to an X-ray machine. It seems that on the couple's arrival, Linda slipped just inside the door of Liv's home and had to be whisked away

to a nearby hospital for treatment of a sprained ankle. The couple returned soon, though their entrance was no doubt the highlight of the evening. Ronstadt is currently dating drummer

Adam Mitchell. And rumor has it that she may record her next album in Nashville.

Where has **Mac Davis** gone? He hasn't had a Top 40 single for more than two years. . . .

Kenny Roberts, champion yodeler, has resigned from the Wheeling Jamboree after 15 years. He is making guest appearances on the Grand Ole Opry. **Merle Haggard** is recording some albums with **Ernest Tubb** singing on some of the cuts, and Merle's wife, **Bonnie Owens**, singing harmony. Merle and Bonnie are in a process of divorce but intend to continue a relationship as business friends

When a big storm hit Wild Horse, Colo., recently, the **Johnsons**—that's **Loretta**, **Loudilla** and **Kay**, co-presidents of the International Fan Club Organization—went without electricity for days. That shut down their electric typewriters, but they kept the fan club biz going over the telephone Some radio station program directors aren't playing **Red Sovine's** single, "I'm Just Seventeen," a recitation about a teenager killed in a car accident. Apparently, they feel it's too morbid. However, a high school in Wheeling, W.Va., is using the single in its driver education classes **David Houston** recently signed to Starday Records

Chet Atkins, **Danny Davis** and **Floyd Cramer** just completed an album together.

On his first public appearance since his European tour, **John Hartford** surprised people when he showed up to join **Vassar Clements** on five fiddle tunes at the Palomino Club

E.B. Marks Music Corp. is claiming that the flip side of **Freddy Fender's** 1975 hit, "Before The Next Teardrop Falls," entitled, "I Love My Rancho Grande," may constitute a copyright infringement. The alleged original, "Rancho Grande," was written in 1927.

The film "Banjoman" is a live concert documentary recorded in Kansas and features the **Nitty Gritty Dirt Band**, who just returned from a tour of Russia **Sonny James** recorded his new album at the Tennessee State Prison. Playing before an enthusiastic crowd, he did mostly standards, including the appropriate "In The Jailhouse Now." The prison audience sang along with "Amazing Grace."

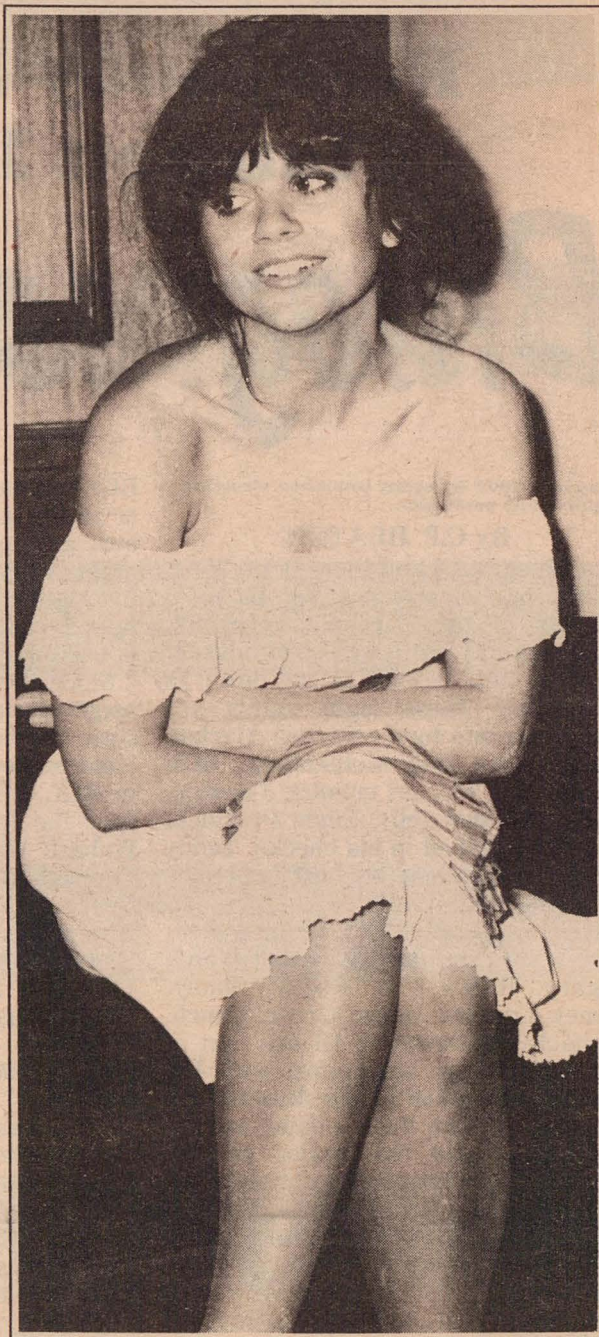
Who got **Jessi Colter** and **Billy Swan** out on the town dancing at his recent gig at Nashville's Armadillo East? **Delbert McClinton**, that's who **Merle Travis** is in good health, contrary to rumors. "Those poor health rumors started when I broke my left arm on Christmas Day. I slipped and fell. It was broken near my shoulder and did not interfere with my picking—not a lick."

Johnny Russell, 36, married **Beverly Heckel**, 17, of the Heckels singing team in her hometown of Elkins, W.Va. The Heckels have been part of Russell's show for a year and a half.

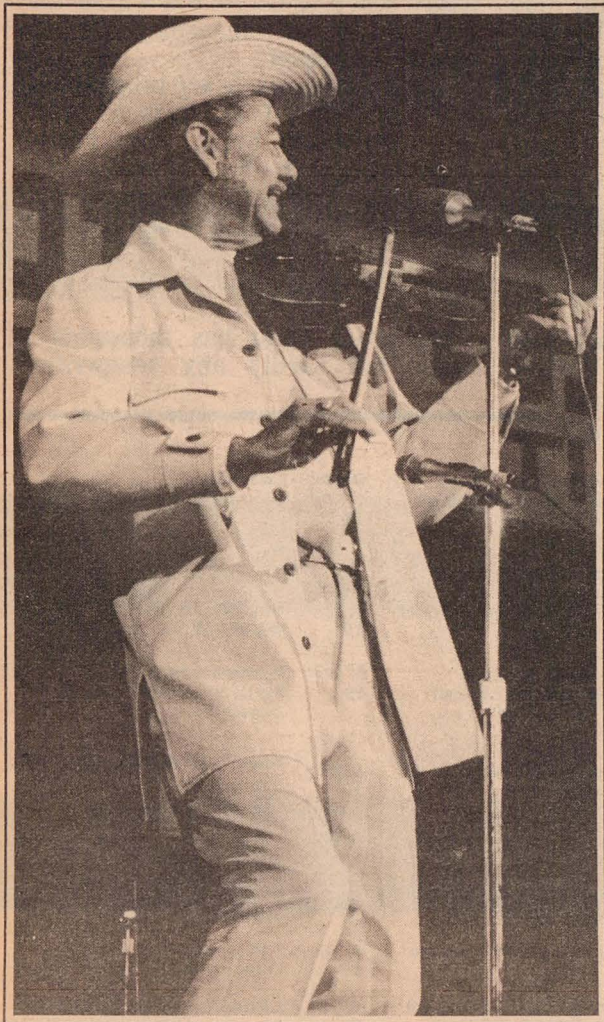
Johnny Rodriguez has the title role in the movie "Jesse" to be filmed in Texas. . . .

Hank Snow and **Danny Thomas** planned a meeting to discuss founding a national child abuse organization

Hank Williams Jr. gave **Waylon Jennings** a pair of his daddy's old boots. Waylon says they fit perfectly. . . .



LINDA RONSTADT . . . upstaged Olivia Newton-John



STONEY COOPER . . . at last year's Grand Ole Opry birthday



WAYLON JENNINGS . . . Hank's boots are a perfect fit
CountryStyle—Page 7

Everybody Except Jed Clampett Is Poor In Bluegrass Land

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By C.P. HEATON

In Bluegrass Land there is no West, North, nor East—just South. BGL consists of the Carolinas, Virginia, Alabama, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and Florida as far down as my house. These eight states are broken up into four counties: Harlan, Roane, Pike, and Muhlenberg. BGL adjoins one foreign country (Mexico, where the shot fell). Since President McKinley cashed in his checks, Teddy Roosevelt has done his best to preside over Bluegrass Land.

Topographically, BGL is an endless series of mountains: Sourwood, Togary, Rocky Top, Foggy, Sunny, Stoney, Smokey, Black, Green, Clinch, Pinnacle, Matterhorn. All are part of the Blue Ridge Mountains, with the possible exception of the Matterhorn. Winding through these mountains are ten brooks and five major creeks: Stoney, Sinking, Salt, Crazy, and Cripple. BGL is surrounded by a nameless ocean, or stormy deep. People often leave BGL and go away across this ocean; they hardly ever come back. BGL and Folk Music Land share one damaged ocean liner: the Titanic. Few survived that ship's sinking, because BGL has only one lifeboat.

Everybody in Bluegrass Land is poor except Jed Clampett. Some people live in cottages or shacks, but most live together in a little old log condominium. All buildings in BGL are old and always have been. One structure—a holy ghost building—has been in process of construction for years. All

BGL cabins are located in dark hollows or shady groves. Each cabin has its own graveyard and silver spade. At night, when the moon casts down its blue glow, these cabins are lit by lamps. (Electricity in Bluegrass Land is used only for sound systems.)

Since the wreck on the highway in neighboring Country Music Land, and since the drunken driver ran his own children down, cars have been banned in BGL. People either stay home or take the train—The Cannonball, The Wabash Cannonball, The Streamline Cannonball, The Fireball Mail, The Georgia Mail, Ruben's train, The Bluegrass Express, The Orange Blossom Special, 9, 45, 97, (not 38), or 143 (The Fast Flying Vestibule or FFV). Those in no hurry and not easily depressed take Mr. Peabody's coal train. These trains all have lonesome whistles.

Bluegrass Land has few distinguished families (Carter, Lewis, Stoneman) because BGL consists of only one generation—young white adults. Most parents are sleeping or dead (same thing)—of grief, neglect, broken hearts, or old age. The young adults often don't hear that the old folks have died until much later. Most children have died in disasters large and small (fire, wreck, illness, snakebite). There have never been any middle-aged people in BGL.

BGL has many more Boys than Men or Girls. These Boys are organized into musical groups: Greenbriar, blue Grass, Blue Sky, Virginia, Pinnacle, Foggy Mountain, Sunny Mountain, Stoney Mountain, Clinch Mountain. Every male in Country Music Land is

named Hank. Nobody in BGL is named Hank. Most males are named either Bill or Willie. Boys named Bill play music (Cheatham, Monroe, Keith, Clifton, Blaylock Napier, Railroad, Bolick, Harrell, Emerson, Yates). Boys named Willie kill young girls, over matters of love. Almost everyone in BGL has had romantic bad luck, except the Tennessee Stud.

Because of the boys named Willie, BGL has few Sisters but many Brothers: Stanley, Monroe, McReynolds, Bailey, Bailes, Osborne, Lilly, Dillard, Rouse, Delmore, Louvin, Bolick, Goins, Mildew, Dopera, and Gibson (Orville and Wilbur). Most brother pairs in BGL consist of a brother with a one-syllable name and another brother with a two-syllable name: Ralph and Carter, Bill and Charlie, Jim and Jesse, Bob and Sonny, Charles and Ira, Doug and Rodney, etc.

The girls in Bluegrass Land all have two-syllable names ending with the diminutive suffix -ie or -y: Sally, Annie, Susie, Nellie, Maggie, Molly, Polly, Pearly, Mary, Cory, Katy, Cindy, Bessie, Sadie, Jenny, Ruby, Onie, and Sophronie (Sfrow-nee). Most of these girls have dark hair. They all have lily-white breasts.

Little girls in BGL still play with rubber dollies. Little boys play a

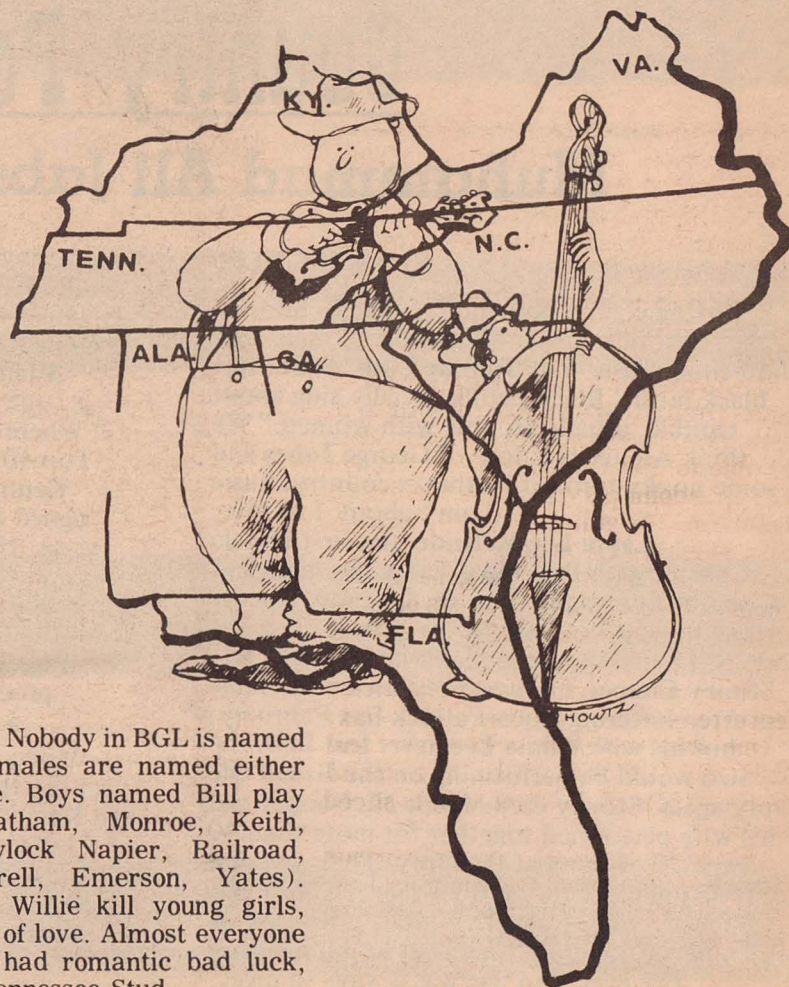
knuckle-busting game called follow the leader.

Mental health is poor in BGL; breakdowns are frequent. Citizens of BGL consume much non-tax-paid alcohol from dram glasses and demijohns.

BGL folks are religious, walk to church on Sunday, and sing reverently about speckled birds, dove wings, and flying away. Residents of BGL eventually move to Gloryland where they live in cabins, mansions, or the master's bouquet.

Although the people are religious and well-intentioned, BGL has many jails—the best known being those in Birmingham, Nashville, Columbus, and The Old Rockpile. Prisoners are shackled and chained. Chain links are individually monogrammed. Bluegrass musicians often send out tunes to all their shut-in friends.

Bluegrass Land has thousands of songs but hardly any songwriters.



BLUEGRASS FESTIVALS

Name	Dates	Location	Name	Dates	Location	Name	Dates	Location
Bluegrass Jamboree	5/27-29	Oakdale Park, Glen Rose, Tex.	Bluegrass Music Festival of the U.S.	6/3-5	Riverfront Plaza, Louisville, Ky.	Old Time Fiddler's & BG Conv.	6/16-18	Chilhowie, Va.
Ole Time Fiddler's & BG Festival	5/27-29	Fiddler's Grove Family Campground, Union Grove, N.C.	Bluegrass Canada '77	6/3-5	Courtcliffe Park, Carlisle, Ontario, Canada	Snuffy Jenkins Old Time & BG Music Festival	6/16-18	Big 7 Co. Fairgrounds, Harris, N.C.
Northwest Regl. Folklife Festival	5/27-30	Seattle Ctr., Seattle, Wash.	Adams Mill Old Time Music & Crafts Festival	6/4-5	Adams Mill on Wildcat Creek, Cutler, Ind.	Butler Brothers Festival	6/17-19	Cox's Field, Rt. 47, Walker, W. Va.
Tri-State Bluegrass Reunion	5/27-30	Tri-State Campground, Angola, Ind.	6th Annl. Intl. Country Music Fan Fair	6/6-12	Mun. Aud. Nashville, Tenn.	Zanes Trace Commemoration Festival of Trad. Music	6/17-19	Putnam end of Sixth St. Bridge Zanesville, Ohio
Atwood BG Festival	5/28	Hwy 84 at Pearl River Bridge, Monticello, Miss.	6th Annl. New Delhi BG Festival	6/10-12	Delhi Farms Campground, New Delhi, Ill.	Sleepy Hollow Bluegrass Festival	6/17-19	Hwy. 389 & Natchez Trace Pky. Houston, Miss.
Memorial Day Festival	5/28-29	Susquehanna Campgrounds, Conowingo, Md.	3rd Annl. Shade Gap, Pa. BG Festival	6/10-12	Harper's Meml. Park, Shade Gap, Pa.	2nd Annl. Grass Valley BG Festival	6/17-19	Nevada Co. Fairgrounds, Grass Valley, Cal.
Jack Ramsey's BG Festival	5/28-30	Tulare Co. Fairgrounds, Tulare, Cal.	Neb. State Country Music Championship	6/10-12	Douglas Co. Fairgrounds, Waterloo, Neb.	Glass City Grass Bluegrass Park Festival	6/17-19	St. Rt. 64, Swanton, O.
Topanga Banjo & Fiddle Contest	5/29	Corsair Field, City College, Santa Monica, Cal.	Southwest BG Club 3rd Annl. Festival	6/10-12	Mitchell Park, Perrin, Tex.	Grant's Gospel Jubilee	6/18-19	Salt Creek Park, Hugo, Okla.
6th Annl. Cherokee Bluegrass Festival	6/3-4	Cherokee Place, Bristol, Va.	Sanders Family Bluegrass Festival	6/10-12	Hwy. 270 near McAlester, Okla.	Lester Flatt's 5th Annl. Mt. Pilot Festival	6/22-25	Lester Flatt's Bluegrass Park, Pinnacle, N.C.
Haysville Family BG Weekend	6/3-5	Riggs City Park, Haysville, Ks.	Mountain Music Shanty Fiddlers Festival	6/11-12	Off Rt. 805, Elk Creek, Va.	Stringbean Meml. BG Festival	6/24-26	Fairgrounds, Charlotte, Mich.
			5th Annl. Natl. Collegiate Fiddlers Festival	6/16	East Texas St. Univ., Commerce, Tex.			

Some songs were written by Trad, Anon, and P.D., but most songs just wrote themselves. BGL has two interminable songs: Tragic Romance and Knoxville Girl.

Bluegrass has only three brand names: Gibson, Martin, and Martha White.

Banjo players in BGL must be able to count from 3 to 800 (3, 4, 5, Granada, 6, 7, 12, 18, 250, 800); guitar players must be able to count from 18 to 45 (18, 28, 45); mandolin players must be able to count to 5. The guitar player's alphabet has one letter (D) as does the mandolin player's alphabet (F). The general, all-purpose BGL alphabet consists of eight letters, in this order: G, A, D, C, B, B flat, E, F.

Here are some miscellaneous features of Bluegrass Land. BGL has:

One ship mounted with silver and gold, one precious jewel (a diamond worth 10 grand) and lots of thin-sliced pearl.

One highway (Lee), one anonymous turnpike, one road (Lonesome), one street (complete with tramp), and one intersection (Cherry & Pine).

One airplane here (The Air Mail Special) and one in Gloryland (Amelia Earhart's).

One esoteric word: supernal.

One song by Sigmund Freud: The Little Girl and the Dreadful Snake.

One threat of arson: He will set J.M. Fields on fire.

Its sequel: J.M. Fields have turned brown.

One holiday: Christmas. People in BGL alert each other all year long that Christmas time's a'comin'. Fiddlers also celebrate the 8th of January.

Two bakers (Angeline and Kenny), a dusty miller (who lives in a cave), a whistler (Rufus), a town bully, a bouncing Arab, a doctor (Watson), a sawyer (from Mississippi), a defunct lawyer (from Philadelphia), a traveler (from Arkansas), and a gambler (from all around).

One foreign expression: "Bella voce!" Occasionally a visiting tenor banjo player may say "Ne plus ultra!"

One Shakespearean allusion: You said I was your Romeo and you my Juliet.

One enigma: Why did he bless that happy day when Nellie lost her way and he found her when the snow was on the ground?

One disease: ricketts.

One foul-smeller: the rank stranger.

One double prosopopoeia: White doves will mourn in sorrow-The willows will hang their heads.

One crop: corn (hot, cold, shucked).

One vegetable: cabbage.

One newsboy (JB), one newspaper here (The Morning Star) and one in Gloryland (The Gospel News).

One Indian: Red Wing.

One Chinese folk song: Tu-Ning.

No good jokes.

One Black: John Henry.

We conclude our trip through Bluegrass Land with BGL's most philosophical if obscure profundity: Don't let your deal go down.



John Duffy (upper left) leads the Seldom Scene (top, right) at the Red Fox Inn in Bethesda, Md. Group includes (from left) Ben Eldridge, Duffy, John Starling, Mike Aldridge and Tommy Gray. Duffy formerly belonged to the Country Gentlemen (bottom), which performs at Arlington, Va. Members are (from left) James Bailey, Doyle Lawson, Bill Yates and Charlie Waller.

(Photos by Michelle Kingsley and Chester Gray).

Bluegrass Capital

By MICHELLE KINGSLEY

It was inauguration week and Washington, D.C., was celebrating Jimmy Carter's arrival in the oval office. Free concerts were held all week at Smithsonian's various museums, attracting more than 2,000 a concert.

Museum officials had never seen anything quite like it. One night, more than 11,000 squeezed into the National Museum of Science and Technology rotunda to hear Seldom Scene. It was the biggest crowd in Smithsonian history.

Public interest was really there, according to Country Gentleman Charlie Waller.

"When we got on stage at the Air and Space Museum, we looked out and saw 2,000 people. They were everywhere—

sitting, standing and some trying to push their way up to the stage area. It was amazing."

These concerts illustrated bluegrass music's strength in the D.C. area and explained why Washington is known as the "Bluegrass Capital of the World."

D.C.'s interest stems from the popularity and success of two groups—the Country Gentlemen and their offshoot band, the Seldom Scene. Grinning from ear to ear, the Gents and the Scene are quick to mention Jimmy Carter sent them notes thanking them for their fine performances and signed them just "Jimmy," a touch they found warming.

The Country Gentlemen and Seldom Scene are legends in this neck of the woods, and because of their pioneer efforts, many bluegrass bands now make their homes in the Washington

area. The people love them, support them and drive for miles to hear them.

Randy Graham of the Bluegrass Cardinals beams, "There are a lot of people here who understand bluegrass. A musician can make a living anywhere, but it's good to have some understanding and appreciation with it. That's why we moved to D.C."

Walter Broderick, owner of the Red Fox Inn in Bethesda, Md., says that when he bought the Red Fox in 1971 he investigated what music would be strongest commercially and his probe came out in favor of bluegrass.

"There was definitely a bluegrass audience," Walter said. By 1972, his regulars were the Country Gentlemen, Seldom Scene, Grass Menageri and The Gross National Product.

Many groups have performed as Red

(Continued on page 21)

Beer, Bratwurst And Bluegrass

The Badger State easily conjures up the image of the first two, thanks to its German heritage. But bluegrass! Yep, this string band music is compatible with the predominantly rural state.

By SARAH PEISCH

When someone mentions Wisconsin, you think of dairy farms, not bluegrass. But music tastes change like everything else, and bluegrass music's popularity is on the rise.

Demand for traditional music is growing in a state that is NEVER associated with Tennessee Waltzing, Mountain Dew or Wabash Cannonballs.

The state's natural wonders, such as the Kettle Moraine Hill Region and the Kickapoo River, lend themselves nicely to legend and song. The mining and railroad towns of central and northern Wisconsin have their own stories about trains, coal and various outlaws.

Wisconsin-based string bands have developed since the early 1970s—with increasing support and interest. Wisconsin bands include Milwaukee's Grass, Food & Lodging, Whitewater's Piper Road Spring Band, Oshkosh's Morgan Brothers and Madison's Wheatcakes. They have worked hard to cultivate audiences and are gathering

momentum throughout the Midwest.

Bluegrass is considered a specialty act in larger, rock and roll oriented clubs, and patrons find it a refreshing change. Many clubs now set aside a week night or a Sunday afternoon for bluegrass. It attracts a different crowd, and club owners like that.

What was once considered a "funny twang" is spreading to the mass media as well—more than one bank or supermarket has used banjos and fiddles in their latest radio jingles.

Country radio stations are featuring more bluegrass tunes. Madison's WMAD-FM has begun an almost weekly bluegrass hour, inviting musicians to come on with their records. Response has been terrific.

In December, a Madison television station aired a 1½-hour special featuring Piper Road Spring Band. The program included live music and a telephone question and answer period. Phone calls ranged from questions about bluegrass techniques to encouragement from Piper Road fans. The show introduced more people to



Cousin Ollie and his harmonica are legendary throughout Wisconsin. Here he's performing with Al Byla of the Piper Road Spring Band.

traditional music.

Milwaukee's annual World Summerfest presents a country stage each year, and bluegrass founder Bill Monroe has always attracted thousands of Wisconsin fans. Lester Flatt performed in Milwaukee and Madison last November, and despite unseasonal sub-zero temperatures, traditionalists and the merely curious came to see "the man from 'The Beverly Hillbillies.'" For some, that was the only association that could be made—and they loved Flatt all the more for it.

Doc Watson has sold out concerts throughout the state, and his reputation has done much to promote bluegrass.

Last summer marked Wisconsin's first bluegrass festival. The Piper Road Spring Band Bluegrass Jam-boree featured Monroe, Flatt and Ralph Stanley. Prospects of a second jamboree promise more legendary, although lesser known in this state, figures: J.D. Crowe, Jim & Jesse and the Country Gentlemen.

Dairy sales are not declining, but bluegrass is definitely on the upswing in Wisconsin.

BLUEGRASS FESTIVALS

Name	Dates	Location	Name	Dates	Location	Name	Dates	Location
Peace, Love & BG '77	6/24-26	Aunt Minnie's Farm & Park, Stumptown, W. Va.	Shade Gap Folk Roots Festival	7/21-24	Harpers Meml. Park, Shade Gap, Pa.	5th Annl. N.Y.C. & OT Country Music Band Contest & Crafts Fair	8/13-14	South Street Seaport, Fulton St. & East River Dr., New York, N.Y.
Jayland Bluegrass Festival	6/24-26	Jay Co. Fairgrounds, Portland, Ind.	Southern Iowa BG Festival	7/22-24	County Fairgrounds, Centerville, Ia.	Wis. State Old Time Fiddle Contest	8/14	Milwaukee, Wis.
Mariposa Folk Festival	6/24-26	Toronto Islands, Toronto, Ontario, Canada	4th Annl. Brandywine Mountain Music Conv.	7/23-24	Newlin Grist Mill, Concordville, Pa.	Colo. Rocky Mtn. BG Festival	8/19-21	Adams Co. Fairgrounds, Henderson, Colo.
8th Annl. Mid-Ohio Bluegrass Festival	6/25-26	Frontier Ranch, near Columbus, O.	Haspin Acres	7/29-31	Haspin Acres, Rt. 121, Laurel, Ind.	Dixie Bluegrass Boys North Alabama BG Festival	8/19-21	Hwy. 72W., Barton, Ala.
Folk Music Workshop Jamboree	6/26-7/1	Pocono Environmental Education Ctr., Dingman's Ferry, Pa.	Berkshire Mtns. BG	7/29-31	Fox Hill, Rt. 22, Ancram/Hillside, N.Y.	5th Annl. Southern Tier BG Festival	8/20-21	South Canisteo, N.Y.
Old Time Contest BG & Country Festival	6/30-7/3	Mountain Music Park, Shortt Gap, Va.	National Folk Festival	7/29-31	Wolf Trap Farm Park for Performing Arts, Vienna, Va.	Adams Mill Old Time Music & Crafts Festival	8/20-21	Adams Mill on Wildcat Creek, Cutler, Ind.
4th Annl. Powderhorn Park	6/30-7/3	Powderhorn Park, Langley, Okla.	6th Annl. Nova Scotia BG & OT Festival	7/29-31	Green Valley Campsite, Nine Mile River, Nova Scotia, Canada	Vineyard Banjo, Fiddle & Band Contest	8/20-21	Vineyard Dtr., Escondido, Cal.
Corinth Bluegrass Festival	7/1-3	Rt. 9N, Corinth, N.Y.	Kerrville Gospel Jubilee	7/29-31	Outdoor Theater, Quiet Valley Ranch, Kerrville, Tex.	6th Fall Bluegrass Conv.	8/26-27	Cherokee Place, Bristol, Va.
Haspin Acres	7/1-4	Haspin Acres, Rt. 121, Laurel, Ind.	Old Time Banjo Pickers and Fiddlers Contest	7/31	Memorial Coliseum, Ft. Wayne, Ind.	6th Annl. Harrison, Ark. BG Festival	8/26-28	Northwest Ark. Fairgrounds, Harrison, Ark.
KOA Vacationland	7/1-4	Hwy. 84E, Atkinson, Ga.	Grant's Bluegrass Festival	8/3-7	Salt Creek Park, Hugo, Okla.	W. Va. Bluegrass Festival	8/26-28	Cox's Field, Rt. 47, Walker, W. Va.
3rd Annl. Kerrville C&W Jamboree	7/1-4	Outdoor Theatre, Quiet Valley Ranch, Kerrville, Tex.	7th Annl. Ohio Natl. Bluegrass Festival	8/5-7	Hillbrook Rec. Area, Ottawa, O.	2nd Annl. Buddy Spicher BG Festival & OT Fiddler Conv.	8/26-28	Pinewood Valley Ranch, Franklin, Tenn.
Ozark Mtn. Bluegrass Festival	7/1-4	Pickin' & Grinnin' Campground Eminence, Mo.	Horse Pens 40 Old Time Fiddlers & Pickers Reunion	8/5-7	Horse Pens 40, Steele, Ala.	Fox Hill Jamboree	9/24	Fox Hill, Rt. 22, Ancram/Hillside, N.Y.
Bluegrass Festival	7/2-3	Shady Valley BG Park, Evington, Va.	Stratton Mtn. Bluegrass Festival	8/6	Stratton Mtn., Bondville, Vt.	Heaven '77 Folk BG Festival	9/24	Aunt Minnie's Farm & Park, Stumptown, W.Va.
Summer Arts & Crafts BG Festival	7/2-3	Susquehanna Campgrounds, Conowingo, Md.	42nd Annl. Oldtime Fiddlers Conv.	8/11-13	Felts Park, Galax, Va.	Council Bluffs OT Country Music Cont. & Pioneer Exposition	9/24	Westfair, Hwy. 6, Council Bluffs, Ia.
San Diego Bluegrass Jamboree	7/8-10	Big Oak Ranch, Frontier Town, near San Diego, Cal.	1st Annl. Tennessee BG Festival	8/11-13	Greenland Park, Hwy. 11W, Church Hill, Tenn.	KOA Vacationland	9/24	Hwy. 84E, Atkinson, Ga.
2nd Annl. Salt Flats Hoedown	7/8-10	Comm. Ctr., Salinas, Cal.	Bullsboro Bluegrass Festival	8/5-6	Coweta Co. Fairgrounds, Newman, Ga.	4th Annl. Kerrville BG & Country Music Fest.	9/24	Outdoor Theater, Quiet Valley Ranch, Kerrville, Tex.
Penn State Fiddlers Competition	7/13	Penn State Univ., State College, Pa.	Bluegrass Music Festival	8/11-14	Clark Co. Fairgrounds, Kahoka, Mo.	6th Annl. Del. BG Festival	9/25	Gloryland Park, Porter Rd., Rt. 40, Glasgow, Del.
3rd Annl. Newton BG Festival	7/15-17	Woodland Park, Newton, Ia.	Old. Natl. Trail BG Jamboree	8/12-14	Old Natl. Trail Campground, Old Washington, O.	Zen Crook Meml. Jamboree	9/25	Prado Reg. Park, Chino, Cal.
1st Annl. Shade Gap, Pa. Old Time Fiddlers Conv. & Cont.	7/15-17	Harper's Meml. Park, Shade Gap, Pa.	Appalachian Fiddle & Bluegrass Assn. Inc.	8/12-14	Klein's Grove, Bath, Pa.			
Piper Road Spring Band 2nd Annl. BG Jamboree	7/16-17	Alpine Valley Ski Resort, East Troy, Wis.						



Ernie and Loretta Lynn, taken by Fred Walker of Flint, Mich.



Hank Snow, taken by Stan Stets Jr. of Boston, Mass.

Good Shooting!

Response has been tremendous to our CountryStyle Photo Contest and here's a sampling of some of the better entries we've received so far. Keep your finger on the trigger and your eyes peeled for that photo that could make you a CountryStyle shooting star!



Crystal Gayle, taken by Robert Butcher of Mt. Vernon, Ill.



Billy Walker, taken by Richard E. Janas of Shamokin, Pa.

CountryStyle Contest Welcomes Shutterbugs

If you're an amateur photographer and love country music, we want you to enter our new CountryStyle photo contest.

Send us your favorite snap of your favorite country artist, either in performance or in an offstage casual setting. If it's good, we'll print it—maybe right on the front cover of CountryStyle, in full-color. If it's among the best, we may have a place for you on the CountryStyle staff, photographing country music events in your area for our magazine.

The picture can be black and white or color, any size print taken by any camera, although we prefer 35 mm black and white prints or color slides.

Here are a few hints on how best to capture a live performance on film.

A 35 mm SLR (single lens reflex) camera is probably your best bet for performance photographs. Use a "fast" telephoto lens, if you've got one. Many of the best concert photos you see in the pages of CountryStyle and other music magazines were taken with a 135-mm f2.8 lens.

Keep in mind lighting conditions will be far from ideal in the usual performance setting—and an electric strobe won't help either, even if you're allowed to use it. So take your photos with a high speed film.

Finally, don't ruin the concert for others in trying to get your photograph. If the admission ticket says "no photos," don't take any, and if security people do allow you to shoot pictures, cooperate with them and your fellow audience members.

We look forward to hearing from you. Send your contest photos to CountryStyle Photo Contest, 11058 W. Addison St., Franklin Park, Ill. 60131.

(All entries automatically become the property of CountryStyle and, can not be returned unless prior arrangements are made with the editor.)



Roger Draycott of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario caught Faron Young turning the tables on the audience during a show.

Faron Young

**He Came
Along Too
Late For
Stardom
In Films**

By ALAN
BOYD MAGERS

If Faron Young had been born 15 years earlier . . . or had made his own decision . . . perhaps today he would rank right along with Autry and Rogers as singing cowboy heroes. Alas, Faron came along just a little too late to become a real movie star in singing westerns.

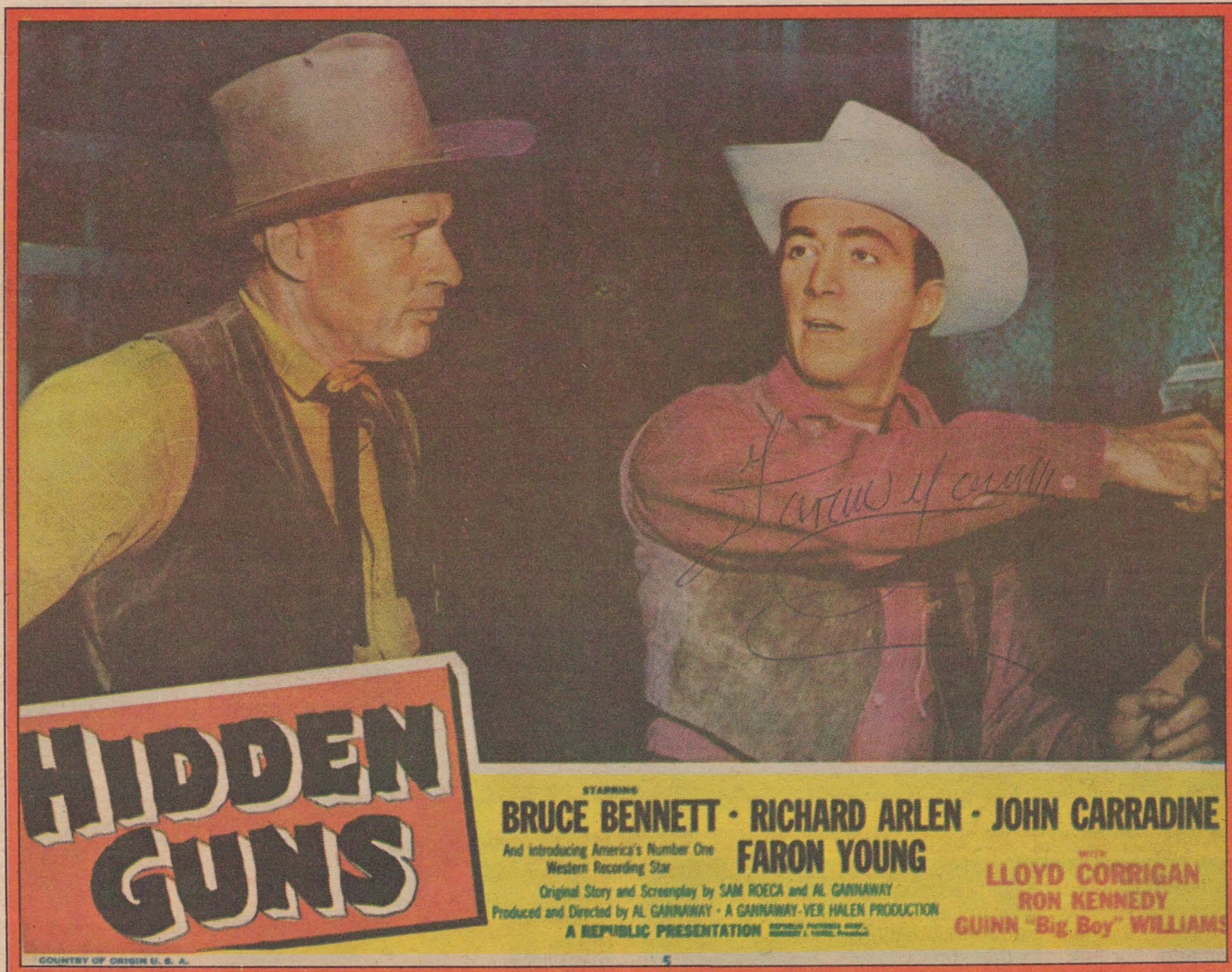
By the early '50s the B-western that had once been a staple of studios like Republic, Columbia and Monogram found itself running dry. In the '30s and '40s, with a few hits to their credit, scores of country music entertainers found screen stardom waiting for them in Hollywood.

The most famous of these saddle serenaders were, of course, Gene Autry, Roy Rogers and Tex Ritter. But Eddie Dean, Jimmy Wakely, Ray Whitley, Rex Allen, Tex Williams and others had starring movie series as well as country music chart hits.

Artists like Ernest Tubb, Bob Wills, Jimmie Davis, Pee Wee King, Spade Cooley, Roy Acuff, Stuart Hamblen, Bill (Cowboy Rambler) Boyd, T. Texas Tyler and hundreds more, while not leading man types, found plenty of work co-starring with Charles Starrett, Russell Hayden, Allan Lane and other action stars.

After Gene Autry started the singing-cowboy craze in 1935, every B-western studio in Hollywood was soon featuring a musical interlude when the shooting and fighting stopped for a breather.

As the early '50s approached, the low-budget thrillers found themselves having to combat rising costs



and the looming specter of TV which was now showing these same western stars' older pictures on a home screen for free.

Republic, the best of the action western studios, weathered the storm until the inevitable end. It was at Republic that Faron Young found brief stardom in these waning days of the Saturday afternoon western.

Faron reveals he got into acting "by mistake, actually." He'd been doing Opry shows on TV when producer-director Al Gannaway cast the 24-year-old singer in "Hidden Guns" for Republic in 1956. Faron played the part of the young deputy sheriff who must avenge his father's (Sheriff Richard Arlen) death.

Faron explains, "Right then I was the No. 1 country artist and they wanted to use my name on the marquee as a drawing card. They had the idea of shooting a series and calling me the Singing Sheriff . . . another Roy Rogers type thing. But them and my manager could never get together on the situation . . . 'cause the manager I had at that time was too greedy."

"We was gonna have the comic books out and the whole thing . . . I really wanted to do it, but I was

young and naturally I listened to what he said, but I know now it was a mistake. I should have done it."

The nickname, the Young Sheriff, came about as a result of "Hidden Guns."

"We was gonna run a contest," Faron remembers, "and the winner would win a free weekend in Nashville . . . and spend the weekend with us at the Opry, expenses paid. We musta got a quarter million pieces of mail . . . the biggest part of 'em said Faron Young and the Young 'uns."

"Some people up in South Dakota named us Faron Young, the Young Sheriff and the Country Deputies and that's what we chose. 'Course now," Faron chuckles, "I'm 45 years old, I've changed it to the Singing Sheriff."

Although the series plans didn't materialize, Faron got third billing again in 1956 in "Daniel Boone," a 1775 period piece in color for Republic.

Faron was Marshal Young in Republic's "Raiders of Old California" in 1957. Young managed to route outlaw raider Jim Davis and get the girl, Arleen Whelan. Marty Robbins was also featured in this one.

Sadly, the heyday of the Saturday afternoon matinee had passed away. The Young

Sheriff had come along too late. The remainder of Faron's film credits were low-budget country music conglomerations.

He was in "Country Music Holiday" in 1958 with Ferlin Husky, "What Am I Bid?" with LeRoy Van Dyke, "Second Fiddle To A Steel Guitar" with the Bowery Boys in 1965, and did a bit in Waylon Jennings's feature flop, "Nashville Rebel" in the mid-'60s.

The son of a Louisiana sharecropper, Faron was born Feb. 25, 1932, in Shreveport. He was in all the high school plays and sang pop music up until his senior year in high school at various clubs around Bossier City.

Faron recalls, "People would come up and give you a quarter and tell you to sing 10 (pop) songs. Then I went out to a country music club one night and sang a country song and a guy gave me \$5 to sing one song. I said hell, this is where it's at."

After one year at Centenary Methodist College, Faron joined KWKH and soon moved over to the cast of the Louisiana Hayride. Another Hayride star, Webb Pierce, took Faron on as a featured vocalist.

Faron's first recordings were on the Gotham label,

primarily, and R'n B Company in Philadelphia. In 1951 Ken Nelson signed him to a Capitol contract just about the time Faron joined the Army. In 1952, on the strength of "Tattle Tale Tears," Faron was brought to the Grand Ole Opry for a two-week trial. He stayed for 12 years.

Since then Faron claims 76 Top 10 songs, including many No. 1 hits, like "Goin' Steady," "Sweet Dreams," "Live Fast, Love Hard, Die Young," "Alone With You" and the million selling "Hello Walls."

Faron Young has been doing things right for a long time now, and it has made him one of country music's most popular stars. It also has made him very rich.

He has become a millionaire through records, personal appearances and astute financial ventures, including a country music newspaper and real estate holdings. But he hasn't changed much from the friendly, down-to-earth person who first came on the Nashville scene more than 20 years ago—the bad-mouthing by some detractors aside.

"You boys are all over," he greeted a CountryStyle reporter-photographer team

(Continued on page 43)

He's The Pride Of Dallas

By RAY BACHAR

He is to country music what Jackie Robinson was to baseball—a noble black man with courage and talent enough to break the color barrier.

But he is not an angry martyr, festering with the pain of inflicted hate. Charley Pride is proud of—yet thankful for—his accomplishments, and he appreciates the opportunity that let him rise from a sharecropper's cabin in Mississippi to show business stardom.

"There are opportunities in America that do not exist in other countries," Pride is fond of saying. "Anyone—whether red, yellow, black or white—can make it here if they have the talent and don't mind hard work."

Pride obviously fills the bill on both counts.

He's one of the hardest working individuals in country music (he's cut 27 albums alone), and his 12 gold LPs—a gold is awarded for each \$1 million in sales—attest to his talent.

But it is his attitude as much as anything else that has made him a superstar, as demonstrated by this anecdote:

The first time he was introduced to a live audience in Nashville, Pride remembers, the crowd cheered him until they saw he was black.

"I knew I had to get it over with," he says, "so I smiled and said, 'Friends, I realize it's unique me coming up here with a suntan like this to sing country, but that's the way it is.' And I sang."

The crowd loved him, and they've been loving him ever since.

Loretta Lynn, the queen of country music—and a dyed-in-the-wool Southern girl—explains.

"Charley," she says, "has done more to end racism in the South than anybody else."

To prove how successfully Pride has bridged the color gap, Loretta tells this story:

In 1972, Miss Lynn was nominated for the Country Music Association's (CMA) award as Female Singer of the Year. It was to be presented to the winner by Pride on national television, and she was advised not to give him the customary kiss if she won.

"Well," she says, "Charley Pride is one of my favorite people in country music, and I got so mad that when I won I made sure that I gave him a big ol' hug and a kiss right on camera."

"You know what? Nobody canceled me."

While giving insight into the depth of Loretta Lynn's character, the story is also indicative of the esteem fellow members of the country music industry have for Pride.

"Hell, there's just nobody that works harder than Charley Pride," is the way a Nashville represen-



Charley Pride and his wife relax in their Dallas home.

tative of his recording company, RCA, puts it.

"He's just thoroughly dedicated to his part of show business . . . he's found a lot of stars . . . helped a lot of people. It's not selfish, he just wants to do all he can."

"He discovered Dave 'n' Sugar, he helped Johnny Duncan and Ronnie Milsap . . . he's that kind of a person."

"Does he work hard? He's been out of this country, on tour, more than any other artist."

Ray Pradines, public relations director for the CMA, calls Pride a "super guy," adding:

"He's been on the CMA board for several years . . . he's attended every meeting. He is highly regarded by the entire CMA board not only for his music but for his efforts to promote country music not only in the states but internationally."

Hard work—not luck—is the key ingredient in success, Pride believes.

"I'm trying to go as far as my talents will take me. . . . I realize that some people are born with more attributes than others. . . . But with the right attitude—a bit of talent—and the right approach,

nothing seems too far out of reach.

"Let's put it this way: This is my country, and I love it—even with its faults. I truly believe it's the best country on the face of this earth."

Charley Pride was born 39 years ago in the sleepy Mississippi delta town of Sledge, 60 miles south of Memphis, Tenn.

Pride has fond memories of his childhood but admits by the age of 5 he knew farming was not going to be his career. He heard about Jackie Robinson, and he decided to follow Robinson's footsteps into the world of baseball.

He left Sledge at 17 and started playing ball in the Negro American League with Detroit and then the Memphis Red Sox. He interrupted baseball for a two-year stint in the Army.

During this time he married his wife of 22 years, Rozene. Returning to baseball, he made it to the majors in 1961, pitching briefly for the Los Angeles Angels.

"My ambition was to break all Babe Ruth's records and set some new ones of my own," he reveals.

An arm injury cut Charley's baseball career short, but he didn't forget his love for singing. He began singing in nightclubs around Montana, where he lived during his baseball years.

When Charley finally got an audition with two country music greats, Red Sovine and Foley, they told him he was in the wrong place.

"Go to Nashville," they told him, "That's where you gotta be." In Nashville, Chet Atkins got him a contract to record with RCA. And although as a black country singer Charley was a novelty, Atkins felt "we didn't really look at him as anything unusual."

Charley sings "with no fuss and no frills." Just the same, he captivates audiences with a stunning voice capable of holding unbelievably long and mellow notes. He makes the songs into stories and delivers them as if he were sitting in your living room.

"I try to do my job well," he comments. "You do have an obligation. It's a constant effort for any individual to do his best. I'm no different. But when you do, people let you be what you want," assures Pride.

Charley Sets Sights On Higher Goals

Charley Pride's super success as a country singer has prompted him to raise his sights for even higher goals.

"I'll never be satisfied until everyone is buying my music," sighs Charley. "Not just the country fans. There are 220 million people in this country, and I want to touch each one with my music."

Charley's latest records lean to pop and middle-of-the-road—a big change for him.

Although some country stars and fans are up in arms over Charley's decision to cross over, claiming Pride's new music is not true country, Charley views it differently.

"Music is the same as it was 20 years ago," he explains. It was hillbilly, then rockabilly, then

rock and roll and now country. It's just a case of progress. Hank Williams and Ernest Tubb to Elvis Presley to the Beatles.

"In all the slicing process beyond the music factor is one key word—acceptance. The point is, this is 1977. It's a whole different musical generation. I'm not knocking the old-timers—just stating the facts."

"I know we've got categories of music, but we shouldn't have. They are discriminating against each other."

"The style won't change at all," explains Pride. "I'm not going to prostitute myself to attain this goal. I'm just going to accomplish it like I did in the country field—with a lot of hard work."

"I'd say in five, surely 10 years

I'll be known all over the world," he continues. "But this isn't an ego thing. It's just my goal."

Charley admits his plans also include going into business, maybe the movies or even song producing.

"I'm also going to cut my personal appearances way back and devote more time to TV work, recording and songwriting," he says. "I'm also going to work on the radio stations, letting them know I consider my work just as good as the material on the pop and middle-of-the-road stations."

Charley's self-confidence keeps the singer striving toward his goal. "If those 220 million people out there have two legs and are human, then we've got something in common," he explains. "Hopefully all of them will soon be buying my music."

Honky-Tonking, Barroom Blues



COUNTRY MUSIC. It's a subject as broad as the 4,000 miles that separate the Atlantic coast from the Pacific, as diverse as the tastes of the people in between. Traditional, bluegrass, rural blues, western swing, rockabilly, Cajun, jazz and country-rock. The many paths detour, yet inevitably merge back into the mainstream of country music. Call it a style, an attitude or a way of thinking, country music is the music of America. This is the eighth of a 12-part series tracing the history of country music as it grew with a young nation over 200 years.

By JAY MacDONALD

*"Born to lose, I've lived my life in vain.
Every dream has only brought me pain."*

For better or worse, things just weren't quite the same after World War II. Call it loss of innocence, for it certainly was that, or childhood's end for a young nation, America came of age during those five long years. It was a stronger nation, yes, but a more cynical one as well. GIs returned to find that the homes and lifestyles they had fought to preserve were gone, uprooted and transplanted to the concrete jungles of Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland. The city, the center of war mobilization, had become the hub of America-on-the-move, a postwar America driven by new fears, both real and imagined. Life was faster, more mechanized. Neighbors had become strangers.

It was enough, in fact, to drive a country boy to drink, and that's just what a good many of them did to wash away the hopelessness of factory work and the loneliness of urban existence. In the honky-tonks, at least, a man might dream.

Country music had begun to reflect this change in



Whether he was "Honky Tonkin'" or "Moanin' the Blues," the legendary Hank Williams never failed to touch the heart with his songs, many of which dealt with the joys and sorrows of the honky-tonk life. A victim of the hard life he sang about, Williams died on New Year's Day, 1953, in Oak Hill, W.Va.

American life well before V.J. Day. Though the escapist sounds of Gene Autry and the singing cowboys and Bob Wills and the western swingers still dominated the airwaves in the early 1940s, young singer-songwriters, cut from the Jimmie Rodgers mold, were emerging with tunes that boldly expressed the classic country themes of infidelity, drinking, losing at love and mourning for the dead.

The sound would come to be called simply honky-tonk.

Among the first to bring this rough-hewn sound to public attention was Ted Daffan, a Houston band leader and steel guitarist whose 1943 hit "Born To Lose" became an anthem for the displaced country boy. It expressed frankly the guilt and frustrations of a youth forced by circumstance into the work-a-day, drink-all-night life.

More influential in the early development of the honky-tonk style were Ernest Tubb and Roy Acuff. Tubb's "I'm Walking The Floor Over You" and Acuff's "Wreck On The Highway" remain today among the most popular songs of their kind. Both men were instrumental in popularizing the sound from the stage of the Grand Ole Opry.

By 1947, the honky-tonk song—indeed the honky-tonk life—was being recognized as a growing trend. Bob Wills, by then based in California, acknowledged the changing times with "Bubbles In My Beer," an objective, rather than a condescending, look at the life of the honky-tonker.

That same year another Texan, who would succeed Wills as the king of western swing in the mid-'50s, hit big with the honky-tonk tune "Humpty-Dumpty Heart." Henry "Hank" Thompson would add to the string of beer ballads his classic portrait of the night owl's world, "The Wild Side of Life," in 1952.

While drinking and carousing were among the most time-honored themes of country music, marital infidelity was taboo on record until the late 1940s. When frail cowboy singer Eddie Dean, his wife Lorene and Hall Blair wrote "One Has My Name, The Other Has My Heart" in 1946, radio programmers refused to air the song, which is tame by today's standards. Two years later, the public mood had changed considerably, another singing cowboy, Jimmy Wakely, had a giant hit with the tune and cheatin' songs were the rage. Wakely teamed up the next year with big band vocalist

"One Has My Name, The Other Has My Heart" was the first of a new wave of country songs to deal honestly with marital infidelity when Jimmy Wakely, right, had a hit with it in 1948. Hank Snow, below, came south from his Canadian homeland to join the Grand Ole Opry in 1950 on the strength of his hit "I'm Movin' On," a song that spoke to the restless of the postwar generation.

Photos courtesy Country Music Foundation Library and Media Center.



Margaret Whiting to record Floyd Tillman's classic of the genre, "Slippin' Around."

Amid the changing social values, a shift which country music struggled to reflect, came an artist born of the honky-tonks.

There wasn't anything about the way Hank Williams rose from a childhood of shining shoes in Georgiana, Ala., to the pinnacle of country music that would set him apart from a thousand other aspirants: he played the same dives, ran the same string of odd jobs, married young (at 17), fashioned his singing style after Roy Acuff and rural black musicians and finally landed with Acuff-Rose publishing in Nashville.

What set Williams apart from the rest was that high lonesome voice and a keen eye for catching the details of life, whether happy or sad, and weaving them into song. Between his first hit for MGM in 1949, a recording of an old blues standard, "Lovesick Blues," and his tragic death at 29 on New Year's Day, 1953, Williams created a body of music unequalled in the country field.

Williams was able to hit home to the common man with his straightforward lyrics, words that speak to the heart as well as the mind, words that describe emotions which most cannot express, as in "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry":

*"Did you ever see a robin weep
When leaves begin to die.
That means he's lost the will to live
I'm so lonesome I could cry."*

He could say what everyone who has ever lost at love always wanted to say, as in "Cold, Cold Heart" and "Your Cheatin' Heart," or spin a song about the joys of night life that showed as well as told you what it's like, as in "Honky Tonkin," "Jambalaya" and "Hey, Good Lookin'." Still, he had a dark side as well (and perhaps foremost), and the blues came naturally to him, whether they were "Long Gone," "Lovesick" or "Moanin' The Blues."

Not since Jimmie Rodgers had a performer so



dominated both country and popular music.

When the end came for Williams, his style of slice-of-life honky-tonk song was just getting started. A disciple of Jimmie Rodgers from Canada named Hank Snow had joined Williams on The Grand Ole Opry in 1950 with his hit "I'm Movin' On" to begin a legendary honky-tonk career in America. The next year brought a Corsicana, Texas, native to the country charts with "Always Late," and Lefty Frizzell followed his first hit with a classic honky-tonker, "If You've Got The Money, I've Got The Time."

By 1953, the Opry was overflowing with new talent, much of it representative of the honky-tonk sound: Webb Pierce, whose high-pitched vibrato reaped over 20 No. 1 records in a row in the mid-50s; Kitty Wells, the first lady of country-torch

In case you've missed any of the previous installments and would like to catch up, you can get back issues of CountryStyle. The ad appears on Page 42.

For many, the father of the honky-tonk sound, Ernest Tubb, below, has made a career out of such classics as "I'm Walkin' The Floor Over You," recorded in 1941, and "Rainbow at Midnight." Tubb has been the resident honky-tonker on the Grand Ole Opry since 1943. The late Lefty Frizzell, bottom, had a natural Texas drawl that gave such honky-tonk greats as "Always Late" and "If You've Got The Money, I've Got The Time" that lively, roadhouse excitement.



whose "I Didn't Know God Made Honky-Tonk Angels" has endured; and Ray Price, Williams' protege, roommate and successor to country-pop stardom.

As the honky-tonk song became absorbed into the country mainstream, it continued to change and reflect what the honky-tonk patron was thinking and feeling. In 1954, Webb Pierce hit with "Slowly," which featured Bud Isaacs on a new instrument, the pedal steel guitar. The steel would become prominent in country music, a versatile instrument that could weep or laugh, skip or crawl, express as no other instrument could the full range of man's emotions.

By 1957, a new, raunchier sound, itself an outgrowth of blues, rhythm-and-blues and honky-tonk soon to be dubbed "rockabilly," was flooding the airwaves and the distinction between honky-tonk and traditional country became fainter, likely out of concession to the new sound. Indeed, the cheatin' theme had become the major country music preoccupation by 1960, and the thrills, of an earlier decade, in hearing songs about moaning over a beer and slippin' around seemed tame compared to the "shakin' all over" coming out of Sun Studios.

The honky-tonk song has become the major country style today, and contemporary honky-tonk singers, from Willie Nelson to Ronnie Milsap to Tammy Wynette to Charlie Rich, are too numerous to mention.

Honky-tonk music was born of the frustration of America's changing lifestyles, born of the brooding and, yes, the drinking that were symptoms of the times. As Americans accepted, or at least adjusted to, the new, urban ways, the honky-tonk style too began to blend with the mainstream of country music. For the many listeners, grateful for the consolation they received for a nickel in the jukebox, honky-tonk will always have a place at the corner pub.

NEXT: BREAKDOWN, FOGGY MOUNTAIN STYLE.

Country Cutie Winner



Ginger Lynn Haddock is 23, 5 foot, 3½" tall, 120 lbs., and has blue eyes and brown hair. She moved from Bakersfield, Calif., to Los Angeles six years ago, and has one son 4 years old. Ginger enjoys all country music, loves animals, is full of life and lots of love. She was submitted by her father, Al Ledbetter.

COUNTRYSTYLE CUTIE CONTEST

WIN A WINDJAMMER CRUISE FOR TWO

Want to see your lady's picture printed in *CountryStyle*... and have a chance to win a Windjammer vacation for two?

Just send us a photo of your best gal: wife, girl friend, waitress—we don't care.

Each issue we'll print pictures sent in by our readers and automatically enter the ladies in our sensational *CountryStyle* Cutie contest.

We'll feature one winner an issue. Each automatically will become a finalist and—after 10 finalists are chosen—you, our reader, will select the top *Country* Cutie.

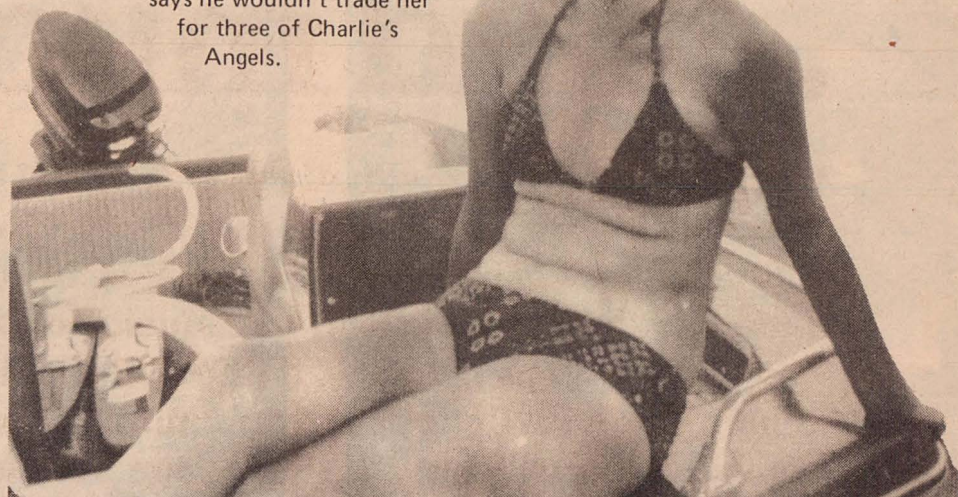
The winner will receive an expense paid, surprise two week vacation for two.

Send your gal's photo in now, together with the signed release below, to: *CountryStyle* CUTIE, 11058 Addison St., Franklin Park, Ill. 60131.

P.S.: Gals, if you want to send us a photo of your man, go right ahead. We'll enter the guys, too, in our *CountryStyle* Cutie contest.

Cherri Webb is 28, 5 ft. 8 inches, 124 lbs. and born deep in the heart of Waco, Tex. Her favorite sports are water skiing, boating and fishing. Her mom is from Canada, but she is all Texan. She is a big Willie Nelson fan. Cherri lives on a small ranch with her husband, two daughters, rabbits, pigs, ducks, etc.

She was entered by her husband who says he wouldn't trade her for three of Charlie's Angels.



Kyle Rimmer is 22 years old and grew up in the small southern town of Stanley, North Carolina. She enjoys reading, racketball and listening to country music. Her country favorites include Willie, Waylon and Bob Wills. Kyle also enjoys walks along the beach and hopes to have a home on the coast in the future. She was submitted by husband Ron Rimmer.



Glenna Adkins, of Grethel, Ky., has been a country music fan all her life. She is married and the mother of four. She is taking vocational training in communications and wants to become a country disc jockey. Her hobbies are dancing and singing, and occasionally she sings with a country band. Glenna's favorite singer is Billy "Crash" Craddock, but more than anything she loves people and she loves to smile. Glenna was entered by her husband, Phillip Adkins.

Lissa Anderson is 18 years old and was just married. She is from Portland, Ore., and met her husband in a country music store in Salem, Ore. Lissa is now working as a waitress in a Mt. Angle restaurant. She was submitted by her husband, Randy.



Ruthann Burton, 25, of Rochester, N.Y., says: "I like to get out in the country and go for walks in the open fields with my boy friend." She likes hunting and motorcycle riding when she's not busy with her job as a security guard at the University of Rochester's Strong Memorial Hospital. An Air Force veteran, Ruthann got a chance to collect pictures of all the best looking guys who came through her base: her job was involved with security identification (ID) pictures. She was submitted by Roger Van Dyke.



Earl Holder of Pasadena, Texas, has his own country band, "Earl Holder and The Chain Gang," which has been together for five years. Earl's daughter, Linda Holder, submitted his picture in our contest.

CUTIE CONTEST MODEL RELEASE

Enclosed is a photo of my favorite 'Country Cutie.'

She is (name) _____
(Please Print Clearly)

And is (age) _____

Her occupation is _____
(wife, girlfriend, friend, etc.)

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State _____ Zip _____

Photographer's Signature _____

Please use a separate sheet of paper to tell us (in 100 words or less) something about your *CountryStyle* Cutie entry that you believe would be interesting to *CountryStyle* readers.

TEXAS MUSIC ...and much more!

Documenting the growth of the AUSTIN SOUND during its formative years (1972-1976) as reflected in a rare series of limited edition (1000 copies each album) stereo LP recordings made during five annual festivals by the Kerrville Music Foundation including on stage "live" recordings by Asleep at the Wheel, Milton Carroll, Guy Clark, Hondo Crouch, Allen Damron, Denim, Steve Fromholz, Ray Wiley Hubbard, Augie Meyer, Willie Nelson, Kenneth Threadgill, Townes Van Zandt, Jerry Jeff Walker, and more than 50 other performers.



PSG-20 1972 HIGHLIGHTS
Peter Yarrow, Allen Damron, Carolyn Hester, John Lomax, Jr., Mance Lipscomb, Dick Barrett, Segle Fry, Robert & Bonnie Hearne "live" at the 1972 first Kerrville Folk Festival. Now a collector's item.



PSG-24 1973 HIGHLIGHTS VOL. 1
Bobby Bridger, Bluegrass Ramblers, Carolyn Hester, B.W. Stevenson, Royal Light Singers, Willie Nelson, Timberline Rose, The Threadgills, Steve Fromholz, Rev. Charlie Sumners and Peter Yarrow "live" at the 1973 Kerrville Folk Festival.



PSG-25 1973 HIGHLIGHTS VOL. II
Kenneth Threadgill, Bill & Bonnie Hearne, Dick Barrett, Robert Shaw, Ewing Street Times, Bill Moss, Jerry Jeff Walker, Allen Damron, Sunny Schulman, Townes Van Zandt and Peter Yarrow "live" at the 1973 Kerrville Folk Festival.



PSG-53 1974 HIGHLIGHTS
Ray Wiley Hubbard, Jimmy Johnson, Flaco Jimenez, Riley Osbourne, Chubby Wise & Terry Morris, Southern Strangers, Kenneth Threadgill, Bill Priest, Asleep at the Wheel, Bill & Bonnie Hearne, Three Faces West, Plum Nelly.



PSG-68 1975 HIGHLIGHTS
Johnny Vandiver, T&M Express, Dave Houston, Hickory, Red River Dave, Dee Moeller, Juke Boy Bonner, Wheatfield, Guy Clark, Carol Cisneros, T. Gosney Thornton, Rick Stein, Allen Damron, Lou-Ray, Townes Van Zandt, Bobby Bridger, Plum Nelly, Steve Fromholz, Denim, Carolyn Hester, Robert Shaw, Bluegrass Revue, Segle Fry, Mike Seeger, Bill & Bonnie Hearne, Don Sanders, Kenneth Threadgill, Terry Waldo, Ray Wiley Hubbard, Augie Meyer.



PSG-69 1976 HIGHLIGHTS
Peter Yarrow, Milton Carroll, Mark McKinnon, Dee Moeller, Kurt Van Sickle, Bill Staines, Hondo Crouch, Shane & Kitty, Bill Neeley, Don Sanders, Carolyn Hester, Bill Haymes, Hardin & Russell, Bobby Bridger "live" at Fifth Anniversary Festival. (AVAILABLE FOR MAILING MAY 15, 1977)



PSG-54
Any Old Time, Why Should I Be So Lonely, Mississippi Delta Blues, Waitin' For A Train, St. Louis (Honky-Tonk) Blues, Waitin' For A Train, Jimmie's Mean Mama Blues, Brake-man's Blues, Jimmie The Kid, Singing The Yodeling Blues, Wreck Of The Old 97, Peach Pickin' Time in Georgia.



PSG-23 BLUEGRASS RAMBLERS
1973 recorded "live" at Kerrville to an enthusiastic response from the audience. Includes "Nine Pound Hammer," "Footprints in the Snow," "Walkin' Down the Line" and the hilarious "Cripple Creek!" and four others. The Ramblers' first "live" recording in ten years.

All Albums \$5 except 1975 double album of 30 performers which is priced at \$8.99. Buy all seven \$5 albums and receive the \$8.99 double album free. 1976 album to be mailed May 15, 1977. Order by PSG No. and make cashier's check or money order payable to Kerrville Music Foundation, Box 1466C, Kerrville, Texas 78028. (Prompt refunds if sold out). Phone (512) 896-3800 for more information.

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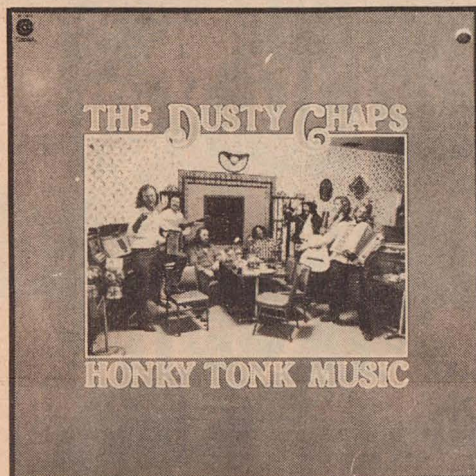
Rates

Best

Up And Coming

The Dusty Chaps
HONKY TONK MUSIC
Capitol ST-11614

When was the last time you heard a hot accordion solo? And liked it? Well, greet The Dusty Chaps, the group that answers the musical question, "What does living in the Arizona desert do to seven young country-rockers?" Judging from their debut album, it gives them a refreshing perspective on the world. If you tried to sift out the musical influences of these guys, it would take you all day, but to say they follow in the same general direction as the New Riders of the Purple Sage and Asleep At The Wheel would not be incorrect. But their sound IS different and only part of that is owing to their use of twin accordions (could that be right?), vibes, marimba and assorted wooden blocks and sticks. Listen to "Rounder" and "Too Many Pretty Women (To Love Just One)" for that big band swing. "Don't Haul Bricks On 66" is a doper's truck song, and "Invisible Man" and "Back In The Woods" are tongue-in-cheek love songs. "Fast Song" isn't. The Southwest has something to brag about with Dusty Chaps.

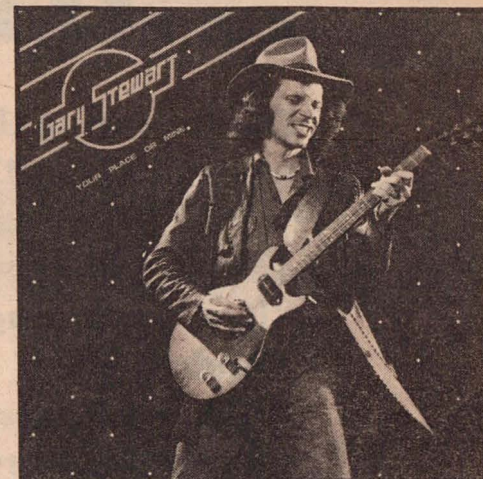


Harvest
NEVER THIRST AGAIN
Pure Joy PJ103

Harvest is a California country-rock quintet which takes its music from Crosby, Stills and Nash and the New Riders of the Purple Sage and its themes from the Good Book. Which might caution the curious: if you prefer your music and your religion separate, pass this by. Rock and religion mix little better than oil and water, which is not to fault the many young Christian-minded groups who have tried to reach their peers with The Word through the medium of rock music. In fact, Harvest comes closer than most. The ultimate downfall of this and similar attempts before it is that when you mix the aggressiveness of rock with the conviction of a religious zealot, what tends to emerge is a heavy-handed fire-and-brimstone browbeating rather than the more acceptable (in song) testimonials a la "I Saw The Light" and "Amazing Grace." One suspects those who will buy "Never Thirst Again" are precisely those who least need the browbeating and that Harvest will remain unknown, preaching to the converted. And that, at least, is sad, because there is much about this album to like. They turn the gospel every which way, from the bluegrass-gospel of "Oh Sweet Jesus" and "God The Father" to the Stills-influenced moaning blues-gospel of "Pointin' My Finger" and "They Don't Know" to some downright honky-tonk-gospel of "You Just Can't Lose." The second side, most of which was written by singer-guitarist Edison Riggs, is most interesting in its diversity and would be quite enjoyable were it not for the single-minded sermonizing.

Gary Stewart
YOUR PLACE OR MINE
RCA APL1-2199

Gary Stewart shows here why he's being hailed the successor to Jerry Lee Lewis as king of the honky-tonks. Whether warbling that expressive vibrato or growling like the Killer himself, Stewart takes his voice to the limit, stretches it to a soulful break, and never fails to retrieve it; in this he combines the risk-taking of rock and the professional discipling of country. The album is about (what else?) drinking and losing at love, and there's not a stiff in the bunch. Beside the title cut, three songs by Rodney Crowell, who will likely turn up in this space before too long, are standouts—"Rachel" (which is helped along by Emmylou Harris and Crowell), "I Had To Get Drunk Last Night" and "I Ain't Living Long Like This." One could write at length about these well-crafted songs, but Crowell's turn will come. "Leah" is the ballad of a trucker who's met his last one night stand and Stewart gives it the worried



warble like he was recording in a big rig on a back road. He captures the feel of the barroom as well on "Drinking Again," the saddest of the hurtin' songs here, and fortunately for the sentimentalists they had the good sense to put a fine Guy Clark weeper "Broken Hearted People" on the flip side. Mr. Harmonica Mickey Raphael adds funky soul to "The Blue Ribbon Blues" and Stewart shows his writing talent on two final cuts, "Ten Years Of This" and "Dancing Eyes." This is Stewart's best thus far.

Ray Price
HANK 'N' ME
DOSD 2062

Ray Price is all strung out. The first sound that greets you on this tribute album, which Price waited 23 years to record, are lush strings that suggest he's going to sing for a minute. Then Price starts into "Why Don't You Love Me"—and he's just too restrained. He treats "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry" a little better, but it's not long before an unmistakable feeling of disappointment mars the listening. Ray Price, a protege of Williams, has an absolutely beautiful voice. Hank Williams was Hank Williams. So what happened? Well, the great songs have been polished so much by Price, the first country artist to use a lot of strings, that the vitality has been polished right out of most of them. It's like he's singing the polite version. "Mansion On The Hill" and "Cold, Cold Heart" are the album's best songs, probably because they suffer the least from



the string treatment. "I can't Help It (If I'm Still In Love With You)" is a casualty. Price gets some resignation into the song, but he doesn't inject that searing edge of pain. When you lose someone you love, by God, it hurts! Williams' version of "Hey, Good Lookin'" was jaunty and snappy while Price's is smooth. "Kawliga" is a song about a wooden Indian that comes off pretty wooden itself. This album had a lot going for it when it was planned. But it could have been better.

The Records

Bets

Hoyt Axton SNOWBLIND FRIEND MCA MCA-2263

Hoyt Axton's first effort on MCA is a gem despite the usual indulgences this fine picker-songwriter takes on nearly every outing. Not to fault Axton for being a bit eclectic; it makes the rest of his songs that much more interesting and enjoyable. The one excursion here is an oddity called "Seven Come," no doubt (judging from the 1968 copyright) written after one of those benders of old. That aside, "Snowblind Friend" is a jewel that sparkles throughout. On "You Taught Me How To Cry," a fine original, the burly singer is joined by Tanya Tucker to good result. Axton's aged and mellowed baritone and Tucker's vulnerable warble give it the touching sound of a father-daughter duet. "Poncho and Lefty," arguably the year's most interesting song by the inimitable Townes Van Zandt, is given a fine uptempo treatment that moves along better than Emmylou Harris' version of late. Axton returns to the sparse early works



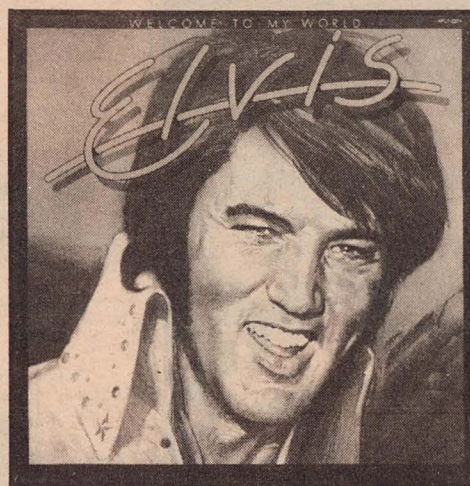
with two originals, "Snowblind Friend" and "Never Been To Spain." The former receives a nice, understated solo treatment and comes along with compassion for a drug casualty, as opposed to the harsh righteousness of another Axton song, "The Pusher." "Little White Moon" is a funky little shuffle reminiscent of his "Roll Your Own." The single off the album, "You're The Hangnail In My Life (And I Can't Bite You Off)" is a catchy little novelty tune.

The Country Gentlemen JOE'S LAST TRAIN Rebel SLP-1559

The Gents once again demonstrate why their albums have become required listening for bluegrass and "newgrass" neophytes. They were in fact among the first to bring the staunchly nostalgic bluegrass music into the present, where it could maintain its integrity while borrowing some of the vitality of the new sounds being developed in the '60s. It is rare that a group is embraced by two feuding families as the Gentlemen have been, but it is just as rare to find a crew that has the imagination to please the progressives and mastery of the fundamentals to coax a grin out of the traditionals. Such a group is the Country Gentlemen. Chalk it up to both raw talent and years of playing together, The Gents move effortlessly from Tom T. Hall's "Pamela Brown" to the four-part a cappella hymn "Lord Don't Leave Me Here." Charlie Waller's vocals are smooth as sippin' mash and Doyle Lawson and Bill Holden double up on man-



dolin and banjo respectively for some great moments, particularly the harmony duet on "Texas Chili." For the "high lonesome" sound that set the bluegrass idiom apart from the current of country music, sample "Going Home." Or for a bit of "newgrass," try the Gents' version of Willie Nelson's "Bloody Mary Morning." The whole album starts off with the harmonious "Joe's Last Train" and rambles through a delightful landscape of valleys and ridges. Toe-tappin' music at its finest, "Joe's Last Train" is one to catch.



Elvis WELCOME TO MY WORLD RCA APL1-2274

It is more than correct to refer to this album as "half-live," because it not only describes the cuts included, but the performances as well. All but one of the songs, Hank Williams' "Your Cheatin' Heart," have been previously released by Elvis, which likely won't discourage his fans from buying this collection of country and pop classics anyway. For them, it is too good a deal to pass up, something like a K-TEL collection of 75 rumbas. The live cuts offer the more interesting moments, particularly pianist Glenn D. Hardin's raunchy arrangement of "Release Me (And Let Me Love Again)," which breathes life into that old saw. Elvis sounds smooth on the title cut, "Help Me Make It Through The Night" and "For The Good Times." "Make The World Go Away" is not particularly inspiring and "Gentle On My Mind" suffers from some whining synthesizer, thrown in, one suspects, in an effort to catch the younger crowd. Money might be better spent on "The Sun Sessions."

Heartsfield COLLECTOR'S ITEM Columbia 34456

Heartsfield is at the top of the Eagles country-rock spinoff heap. They play competent, common place music that gives you the feeling that you've heard it someplace before but in a better version. On "Collector's Item," only "With These Tools" stands out as more than the refried L.A. sound. This bluegrass-influenced song was written by their banjo player Fred Dobbs. The band hits the right notes and chords, but sounds second string. They should be in demand as a good opening act.

Speaking Of Singles

Hank Williams Jr. MOBILE BOOGIE Warner Bros.

Bocephus pulls out the stops on this rocker and the result is a solid boogie number that could get Hank the younger back on the charts, both country and pop. His voice is strong and band tight, the right combination to make this country fried boogie cook.

Tricia Johns THE HEAT IS ON Warner Bros.

The heat is most definitely on in this haunting breather that could spice up anyone's lunch hour. Miss Johns has a sensual bluesy voice and delivers a steamy pop number with some finesse. No telling what country stations will do with it, but pop stations might find "Heat" just right for their tastes.

Cledus Maggard YOVNOC MERCY DAY Mercury

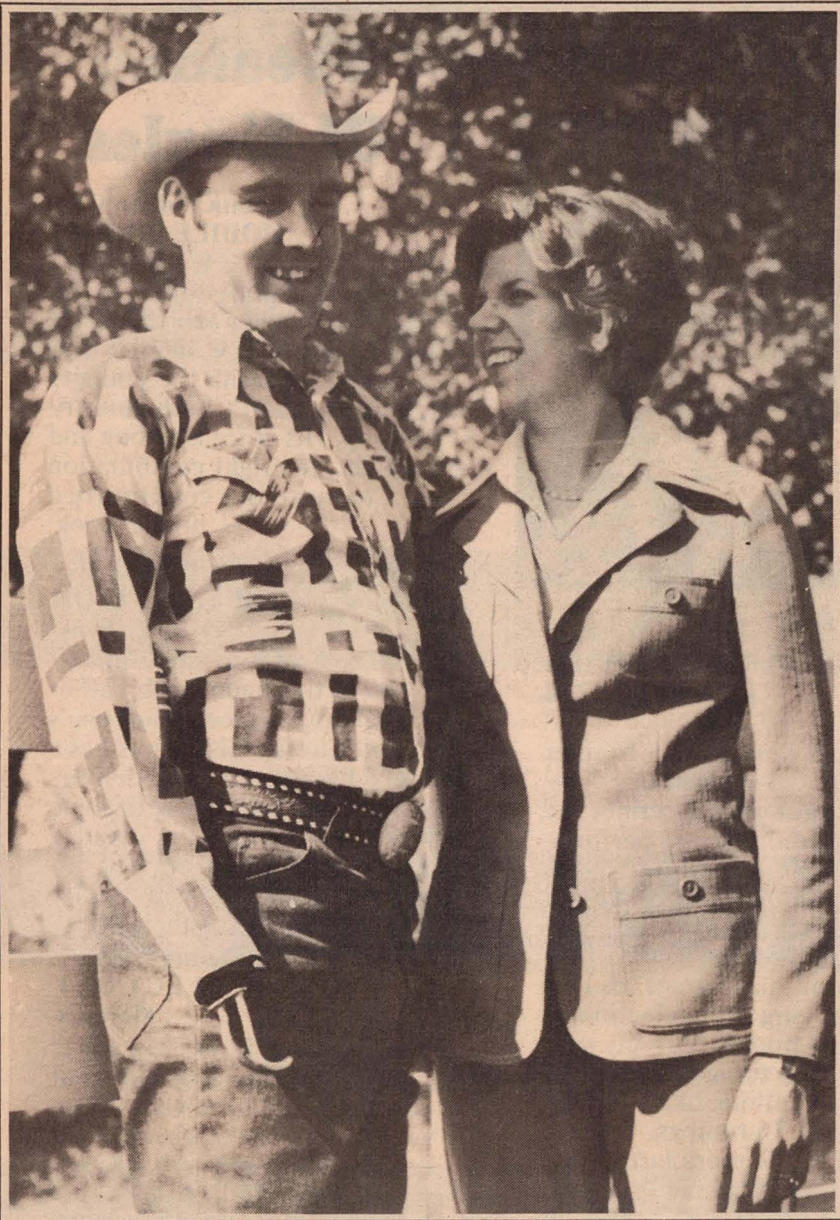
How long, Lord, how long? OK, "yovnoc" is about what you figured, a backward "Convoy" where the truckers all get behind some old gal in a Kaiser cruising at 55 and make sure they're all five-and-a-half truck lengths apart or whatever and drive the police crazy. "Mercy Day" is a lover's lament delivered in citizen band language. Only for the strong of stomach.

Crystal Gayle I'LL DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN United Artists

This fine followup to lovely Crystal's "You Never Miss A Real Good Thing" should rise to the top in like fashion; the cream always does. That Allen Reynolds sound gives this bouncy tune a broad appeal and Miss Gayle delivers her usual best. If she keeps this up, she's going to join Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris as queen of country-pop, a position she quite deserves.



Texas Rancher Stands Tall Despite Handicap



Rancher Charles Dannheim, a quadriplegic since a tragic, near-fatal accident in 1970, stands tall on his artificial legs. He believes being handicapped is a state of mind.

By BILL HENDRICKS

Charles Dannheim, a Texas farmer and rancher, is standing taller these days. Just a few weeks ago, Charles put on a new set of artificial legs. The new limbs have him standing 6-foot-3, his original height before a tragic accident took both his legs and his arms.

The Texan with the powerful shoulders and handsome features of a Burt Reynolds lookalike has always stood tall—when he was playing high school football and especially since the accident.

"You're only as handicapped as you want to be," he told **CountryStyle**. "I hate to see anyone give up when they could go on and do mostly what they have been doing."

Dannheim, his wife, Beth, and their two young sons live on a 60-acre farm and ranch in East Texas, about 150 miles northeast of Dallas.

The rugged cowboy takes care of a soybean crop and handles two small herds of horses. And two days each week he drives 100 miles to East Texas State University, where he is studying agri-business.

"I do just about anything I need to do," Dannheim says. "I'm probably slower doing things now than I used to be but I just take my time."

CountryStyle found the 29-year-old rancher saddling a horse for his son, 4-year-old Chuck.

Expertly, Dannheim fitted a bridle on the animal and allowed the

youngster to lead the horse to another building where the saddles are kept.

Dannheim threw the heavy saddle across the animal and then carefully buckled the straps. He was slow but deliberate.

"I don't know how to tell people what I do and how I do it," Dannheim says.

"The other day, for instance, I went out with my power saw and cut up some logs for the fireplace. It wasn't any trouble except some of the pieces were a little hard to lift."

When Dannheim had saddled the horse, he swung easily into the saddle, grasping the reins with the hooks that are fitted to the stumps of his arms. He put the animal through its paces and then stepped down to allow his son to climb aboard.

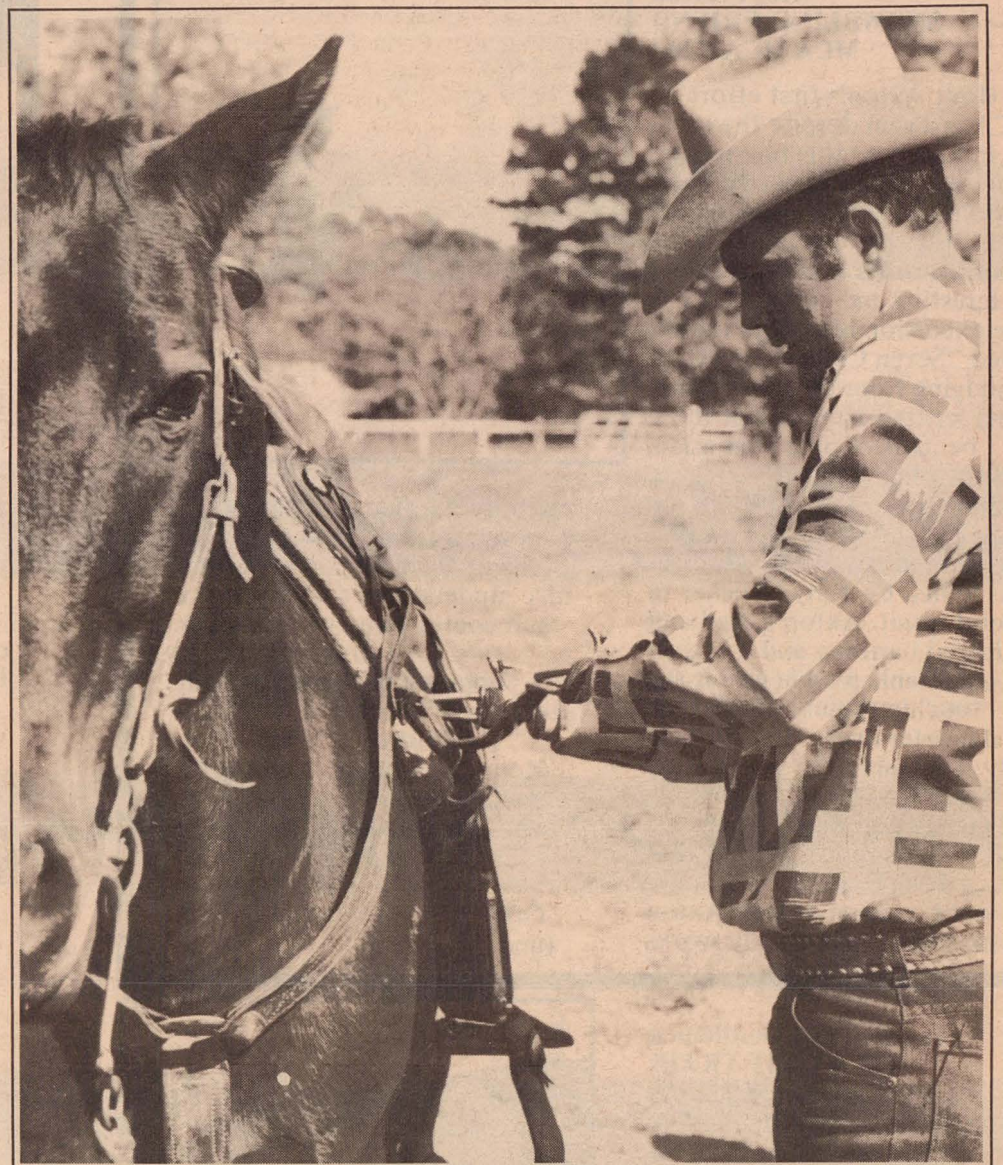
Dannheim does whatever needs doing—driving a car or a tractor or tending the stock.

"We used to be in the cattle business," he said with a grin on his handsome face. "We had some land leased, but we've gotten out of that."

Dannheim seems at ease with himself amid the oaks and pines on his gently rolling land, but a day six years ago is forever burned in his memory.

It was Aug. 18, 1970. He and his father-in-law, R.D. Kraut, were putting up a new television antenna.

They didn't notice the electric wire



Dannheim performs his own chores on his Texas ranch, even saddling and cinching his pony.

dangling overhead until the antenna swung into it. When the antenna and the wire touched, Dannheim was immediately hit with 7,800 volts. He was frozen to the antenna.

But Kraut did not panic. He coolly realized that if he grabbed his son-in-law to pull him free, he would be hit by the high voltage as well. Instead, he threw a body block into Dannheim, knocking him free.

Dannheim was unconscious. So his father-in-law expertly applied heart massage to start his breathing. An ambulance rushed him to Red River County Hospital in nearby Clarksville.

He was more dead than alive and doctors realized he required the facilities of a larger hospital. And an ambulance rushed him to Parkland Memorial Hospital in Dallas.

Dannheim says he has only a hazy recollection of the 90 days he spent in the intensive care ward. He does not clearly recall giving doctors permission to amputate his arms and legs to save his life.

When Dannheim became aware that his arms and legs were gone, he was naturally shocked, but he knew he must go on and live his life as best he could.

And if he forgot his wife was always there to remind him.

"My wife was there to keep me from getting really down," he recalls. "She was the greatest help of all. She was always there to give me strength."

Dannheim finds time to encourage other amputees wherever he finds them. He seems not to think of himself as a man with special courage. Dannheim just lives and enjoys life and realizes he has much to be thankful for—his wife and sons Chuck, 4, and Chad, 8 months.

"I never had any doubts that I'd make it," he says.

Much of the time, Dannheim can even joke about his handicap.

"I eat a lot," he says with a sly grin. "After all, I've gotta grow me some more arms and legs."

Washington, D.C., A Bluegrass Capital

(Continued from page 9)

Fox Inn regulars: Hickory Wind, Emmylou Harris and her Angel Band (Tuesday night regulars for six months), the Country Store and Appalachian Reign to name a few. Guest bands have included Country Gazette, the Lewis Family, Bill Malone and the Hill Country Ramblers (Malone authored "Country Music U.S.A."), RFD Boys and the Monroe Doctrine.

Washington area advantages are that it's a geographic crossroads and there are other D.C. area clubs which now feature bluegrass: the Birchmier in Arlington, Va., has bluegrass on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights; Clyde's Hideaway in Maryland features as regulars the Bluegrass Cardinals, Appalachian Reign, None of the Above and select guest bands. Charlie's West Side in Annapolis, Md., is another bluegrass hangout.

Bluegrass music can also be heard daily over the radio. Katie Dailey of American University's public broadcasting station WAMU boasts of "70,000 bluegrass listeners on weeknights."

Red Shipley in Alexandria, Va., features Sunday morning AM bluegrass on WPIK and a Tuesday evening WXRA-FM show.

July 4 marks the 20th anniversary of Washington's legendary Country Gentlemen. Local folks remember the days when they'd flock to the Crossroads Inn or the little Shamrock club in Georgetown to be mesmerized by the new (1957) sound of Waller and

John Duffy. It was pure, the vocal harmonies were superb and the acoustical instrumentation precise. Watching these musicians perform was just as much fun as listening to their music.

A bluegrass trend was being set—they were playing tunes they thought were good, taking songs no one considered bluegrass and playing them acoustically. They experimented and were soon copied by others.

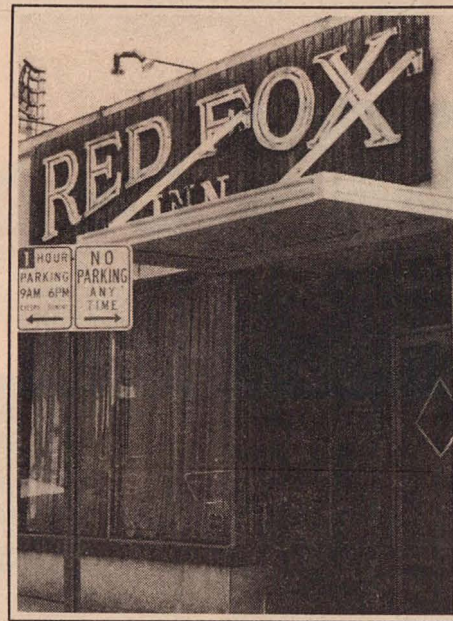
The Country Gentlemen today are led by the remaining original member, Waller. Charlie sings and plays guitar, and his voice has sustained the Gents' sound. Doyle Lawson sings tenor and is considered one of the country's finest mandolin players. Bill Yates plays bass and sings bass and baritone parts. James Bailey plays banjo and is the youngest member of the group.

The Country Gentlemen have released more than 30 albums. Their latest is "Joe's Last Train," recorded for Rebel. Pete Gopal, a longtime friend and a songwriter who works in a Detroit steel mill, writes most of the Gents' tunes.

Their success has taken them on tours to Canada and Japan, they have performed at the Grand Ole Opry, made several TV appearances and just returned from a cross-country tour.

They are readying for the summer festival circuit.

They also hold three of their own festivals. The seventh Country Gentlemen Festival will be in Warrenton,



The Red Fox Inn features bluegrass five nights a week.

Va., June 17-19. A New Country Gentlemen Festival, their newest, is to be held in Stuart, Va., July 1-4.

John Duffy, legendary mandolin player of the original Country Gentlemen, remained with the Gents for 11 years, and later formed a new band. "We had one of the best acts in the business," he recalled of the Gents. In 1969, John retired from the Gents for 2½ years.

In October 1971, D.C. area rumors insisted the ultimate bluegrass band was being formed by a group of five semi-retired pickers, Duffy, Ben

Eldridge, Mike Auldridge, John Starling and Tom Gray.

Waller heard the rumors and laughingly told his friends they should call themselves the Seldom Scene, because no one had seen them. The name stuck.

They began to seriously pick together and got a job playing for fun one night a week, because four of them held down day jobs. The Seldom Scene debuted Jan. 6, 1972, at the Red Fox. It caught on big.

Today the Seldom Scene is one of the most talked about bluegrass groups, perfectionists who blend contemporary with traditional arrangements.

They have the formula, a certain chemistry between them, but Duffy says they never practice. "It always works really smooth. Right from the beginning we know what the other guy is going to do."

The Scene arranges its music to suit itself, says Duffy. There is no conscious effort to make it sound a particular way. If it sounds good to the Scene, that's what counts. "We'll try anything at least once," John says.

The Seldom Scene will travel the summer festival circuit and appear at Bluegrass Canada, a Carlisle, Ont., get-together.

The Country Gentlemen, the Seldom Scene and other Washington-based bluegrass bands love D.C. They say it's a good area, you can play as much as you want and people want to hear your music.



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Roy Clark can play the guitar. A musician like Roy needs an instrument that is responsive in every register. That's why he plays the Ovation 12 string.

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At Work...



Or At Rest...



The Simple Life Is The Best

High on a hill in rural Millstadt, Ill., live a 78-year-old man and his 67-year-old wife who get along without the hustle and bustle of today's world. The families of Charles and Flossie Hubbs' four children also live on the hill, but no one else is within miles.

"A lot of people do call it Hubbs' Hill up here since there's only the four families of us here," Mrs. Hubbs says. "I always wanted to have a big sign put up. It would say 'Whispering Winds' because of the nice breeze we always have up here."

Hubbs has raised corn, wheat and soybeans on the hill for 38 years and claims he'll get another 38 years' worth before he'll hang up his overalls.

Mrs. Hubbs is a bit of a farmer herself, raising beets and cucumbers for canning and enough vegetables to feed the entire hill.

To see the Hubbses at work puts younger people to shame. At 78, he is up at dawn and chopping firewood for their stove-heated summer kitchen. Their antique stove is one of their prize possessions.

"We had one but gave it away years ago," Hubbs says. "We decided to get this stove because the price of propane gas for heating got so high."

"And that wood heat is such good heat," his wife adds. "Boy, does it keep you warm on these cold mornings and evenings."

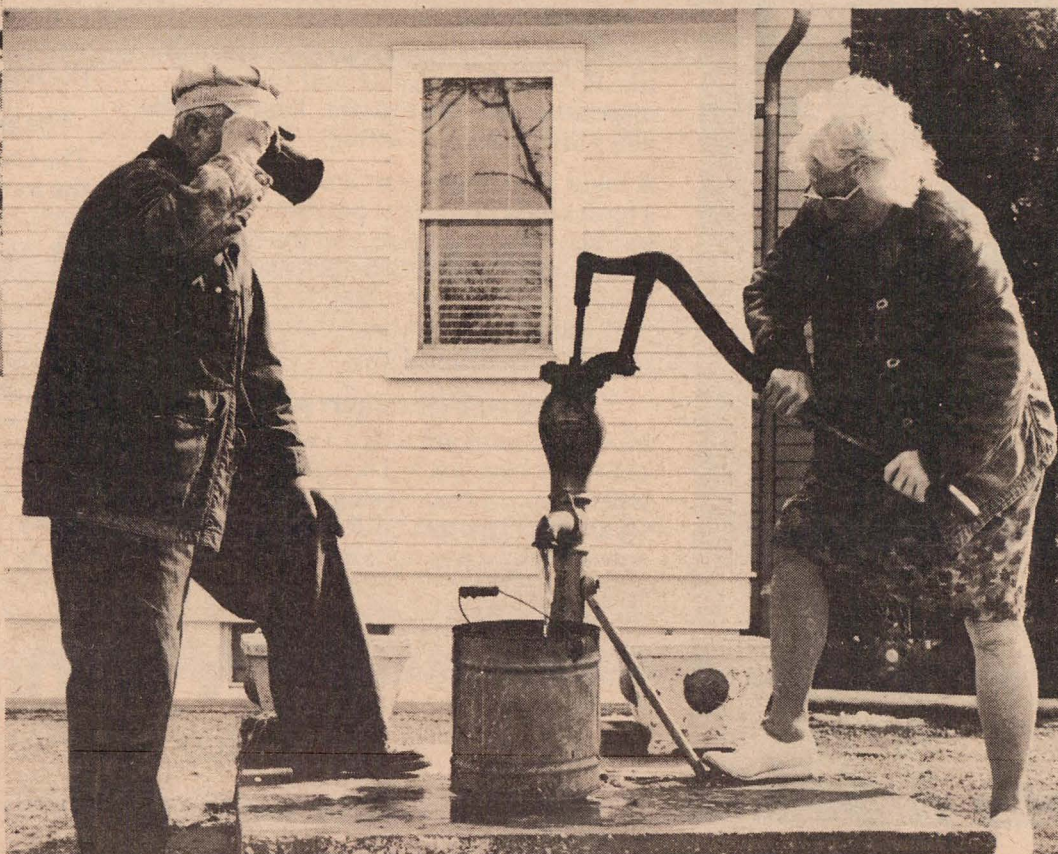
Another of Mrs. Hubbs' joys is quilting. She has gone quilting with the ladies from her church every Thursday morning and afternoon for 10 years and has quite a display.

"I gave all my kids a couple," she relates, "and I want to give the grandkids some, but I've been waiting 'til they're a little older." Married for 48 years, Charles and Flossie Hubbs have seen around them much happiness. That happiness is part . . . of the simple life.

Pictures
And Text
By
ALAN
SCHNEIDER



Charles, 78, and Flossie, 67, go about their day on the farm. Clockwise from top, they clean out a shed, then they take a brief time out from their chores in the barn. Later they stopped at the pump for a cooling drink, and finally Flossie pets their loving and companionable dog.



Lovely Livvy

So What If She's Not Country?

By JAMES NEFF

Who are all those people ganging up on Olivia Newton-John and what do they want? What could they possibly dislike about the pleasant hyphenated honey who outsells every female singer in the United States?

It can't be her looks. The blue-eyed, slender blonde is beautiful in a wholesome, feminine, fresh way, with a hint of little girl sexiness. Like Marie Osmond, you just know she can't be that nice. There has to be a dark streak, however faint, somewhere deep in her soul.

It's not her singing. Having strong opinions about the Australian singer's pleasant voice is like having an aversion to ice cream. Where's the irritant? Songs like "Have You Never Been Mellow" hardly excite one to violent dislike—emotional or otherwise.

Her appeal, as one reviewer put it, is "wholesome, rosy-cheeked fun fun fun. It's enough to make decadence passe."

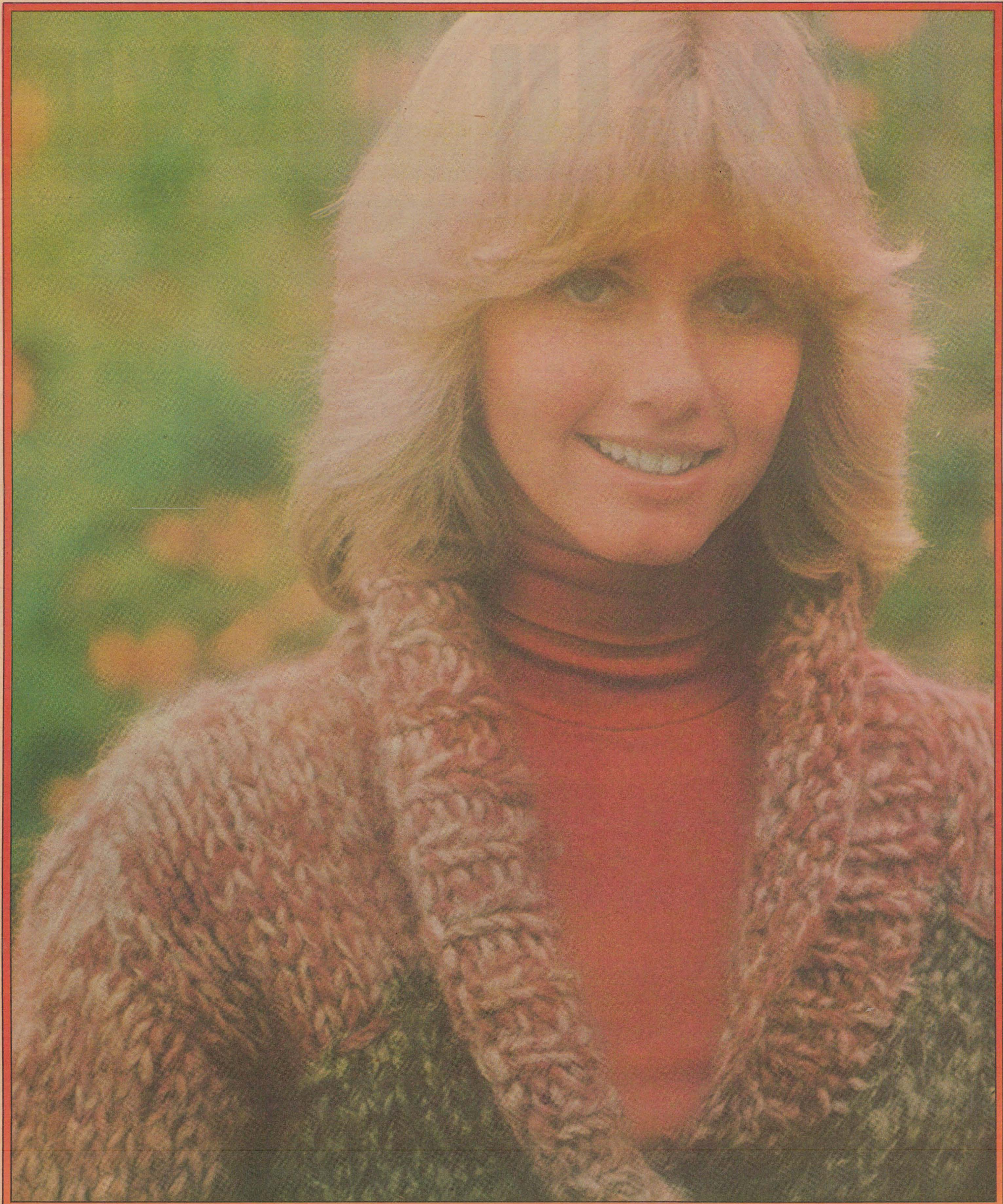
But then there's Loretta Lynn's theory why people attack the famous. In her case, a woman attacked her with a knife at a recent concert, cutting off her dress.

"I was nominated for one of the most admired women in the world," the raven-haired singer relates. "So if you're considered one of the 10 most admired women, you also have to be one of the most hated women. That's the logical thing."

Whatever, Olivia—Liv or Livvy to friends—did tick off a bunch of Nashville musicians when the Country Music Association voted her female vocalist of the year in 1974. The traditionalist musicians felt it a slap in the face. This middle-class, Down Under woman even admitted that she "didn't even know it (country music) was a separate entity from any other kind of music." And this was after her version of Dylan's "If Not For You"

(Continued on page 25)





Lovely Livvy

(Continued from Page 23)

became an international hit in 1972, a song with pedal steel guitar!

If she paid her dues at all, it was in pounds and shillings, not in honky-tonks, booze and pain.

"We didn't want somebody out of another field coming in and taking away what we've worked so hard for," grouched Johnny Paycheck. Olivia Newton-John "couldn't drawl with a mouthful of biscuits," complained the Nashville Tennessean.

Before the brouhaha subsided, a group of traditionalists formed an association to keep the country in the music and the pop music Huns outside the Nashville city limits. Calling itself ACE (Association of Country Entertainers), the association included such artists as Dolly Parton, Hank Snow, Barbara Mandrell, Roy Clark and Merle Haggard. (Ironically, Parton and Snow have since changed musical direction—toward pop.)

Unlike some of the people in her songs, Olivia is not exactly crying her eyes out over the hostility, most of it now past. Millions of people buy her albums—teenage boys, middle-age housewives, geriatrics. So why worry? To the vast pop audience that regards country music about as appetizing as limburger cheese, Olivia is a reassuring Velveeta.

And furthermore, who cares if she can't drawl? So what if she might have to hold her nose to get out a twang? She's America's adopted musical daughter. Any doubts, just check her birthright—all those network TV specials.

Besides, "I've never claimed to be a country singer," the 28-year-old singer says. "You have to be born in that background. I simply love country music and its straightforwardness. And since my records have also sold well outside of the country audience, it seems to me that we're broadening the acceptance of country music. I wasn't out to do anybody out of an award. I didn't put myself up for it.

"Even though there was a lot of resistance from the old school of country—the twangers and all—I think I've done them a favor. My music's opened the doors for a lot of people who've never listened to country before. They're now listening to standard type country singers."

Although she may have never consciously tried for a country audience, some Nashville insiders claim Miss Newton-John's first American hit, "Let Me Be There," was deliberately released as a country single by powerful country music publisher Al Gallico. The reason: Gallico has clout

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Olivia is not as tame as her girl-next-door image implies. "I want to see a lot and do a lot more things—things I haven't explored yet," she insists.

Olivia—

(Continued from page 25)

with country disc jockeys and the chartmakers, and it's easier to break a new act on the country charts than the pop ones.

Olivia remembers the song "did nothing in England, did nothing in pop. We came out here and my producers said they were re-releasing it country—and I didn't know what they were talking about. The publisher rang me up about three weeks later and said, 'Listen, this is going to be a country hit' and I didn't know what that meant."

"Let Me Be There" showed success on the country charts and was picked up by pop radio stations several weeks later. Since then all her singles have made both country and the more lucrative pop playlists.

But her early ignorance of the finer points of American music should be overlooked. After all, she did grow up bouncing on the knee of her Nobel Prize winning grandfather, Max Born, worlds removed from the Grand Ole Opry.

Olivia was born in Cambridge, England, and moved with her family to Melbourne, Australia, five years later. Her father, a language professor, took over as master of Ormond College. Her dad had considered becoming an opera singer and was an early musical influence on his second daughter.

"He didn't think he was quite good enough," Olivia says. "Actually he was. He has a beautiful voice, and he had an offer to go and train with one of the top bass-baritones in Italy. When I was a kid, I always heard classical music playing full blast around the house. It's funny, but I can't listen to classical music today because I get really depressed, really sad. I think I must relate that music to my father, and I don't see him much these days—he and my mother are divorced."

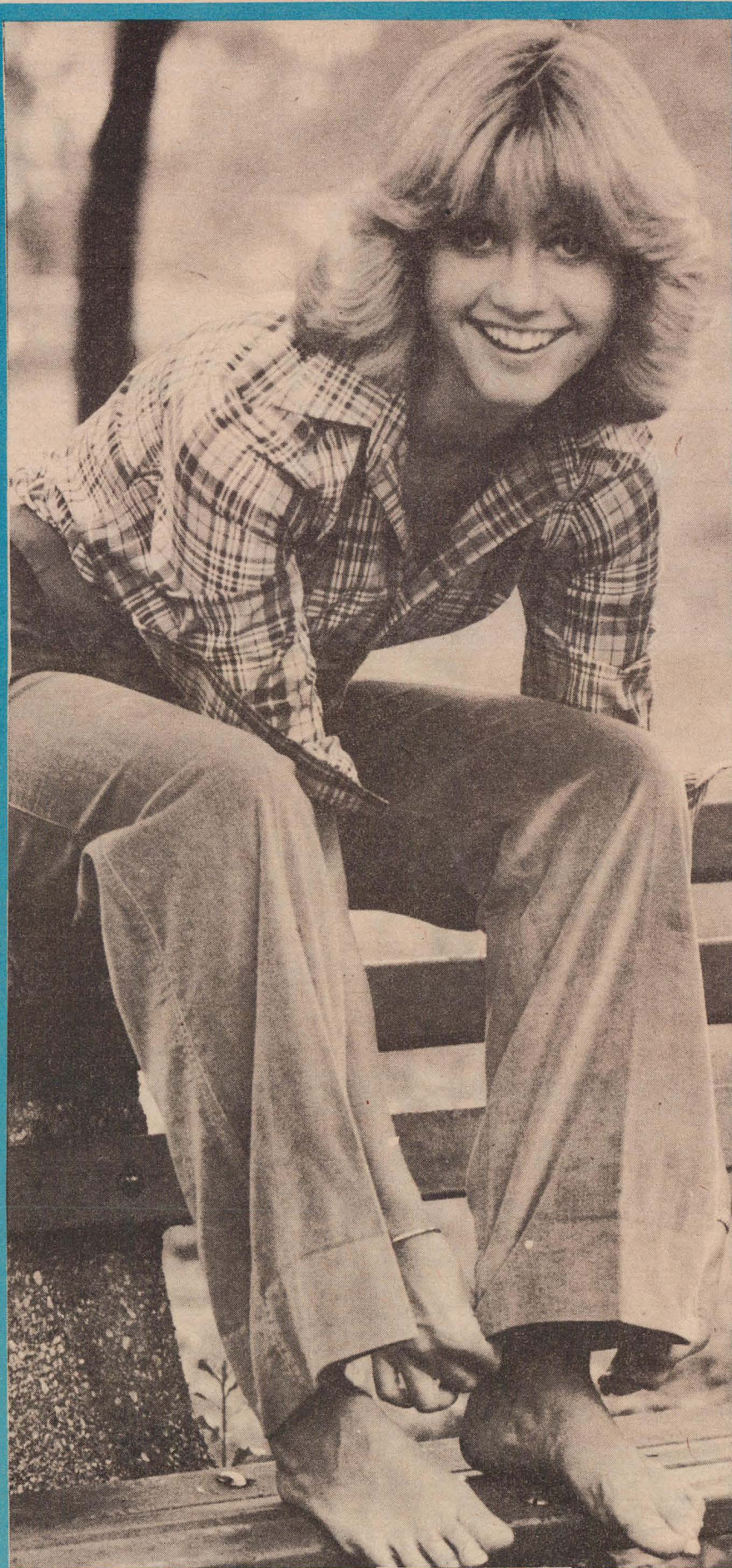
Other musical influences were Joan Baez, Ray Charles, Nina Simone and Dionne Warwick. "Australia didn't have much music of its own, so we'd listen to the Americans," she points out.

"I think I had the intelligence to get an arts degree in school, but I didn't apply myself at all. Probably I was subconsciously rebelling against the whole academia thing. My sister and I both dropped out of school at 15; she went into acting. She was the first black sheep. Then I went into singing at 15. By this time my parents weren't shocked—just disappointed that I didn't get a degree in case it all fell through."

She started singing with friends in coffeehouses. Her good looks landed her on a daytime TV show, "Lovely Livvy." Aimed at housewives and preschoolers, it was typical morning fare—games, prizes and giveaways, with the necessary screaming and shouting.

Then she won a singing contest. The prize—a trip to England. Olivia collected the trip two years later, arriving in England just before her 17th birthday. She started working on her own, and later hooked up with an Australian girl friend. They toured

If She Paid Her Dues At All, It Was In Pounds And Shillings, Not In Honky-Tonks And Pain



more than 2,000 fan letters a month.

For the last few years, Olivia has been linked romantically with Lee Kramer, a onetime shoe importer who helped manage her career until it became too big a task. The possibility of their marrying frightens her. She remarked to writer Cliff Terry last fall:

"I wouldn't rule out marriage completely, because you never know, but right now it's really not a necessity for me. I don't want to have children yet—and I don't know if I would—I'd have to devote time to them and not be flitting off somewhere. Some people have kids and spend 30 days in a row on the road and do it all well, but I wouldn't want to. Also, I've gotten a bit selfish. I want to see a lot and do a lot more things—things I haven't explored yet, like making a film if the right script appears."

"I'm also finally interested in American politics, because I'm concerned, as everyone should be, with the way things are going. I've been a bit of an ostrich in the past, just leaving it to everyone else. I think that's what's happened to England—people haven't been aware enough, and they're getting into trouble now."

One of her political concerns now is animal care and the preservation of endangered species. Her interest stems from her childhood dream of becoming a veterinarian. She houses one cat, four dogs and five horses at her Malibu home.

Although she and Lee Kramer have lived a low-profile life in Los Angeles, they were the subject several months ago of the gossip press, which reported that the two had split, with Olivia nursing her heartache in Hawaii. Kramer has acknowledged an end to their business relationship. He said it was difficult to close the door on business matters when the two were home. Or as he explained to "Rolling Stone": "I live, sleep, eat, everything else, Olivia. . . . The most important thing is her and me and whatever future we have together."

Europe, Army bases and "all the sleazy clubs around England."

"Then I joined a group called Tomorrow—which was a disaster," Newton-John relates. "It was three guys and me, and we were going to be the new Monkees—so they thought. We did a full-length feature film, and it just all fell apart."

After two years of Tomorrow, she split on her own, and got a break: she

appeared on TV shows hosted by Cliff Richards, the British equivalent of Pat Boone. In 1971 came her hit, "If Not For You," followed by another, "Banks of the Ohio," which was given airplay by Ralph Emery on Nashville's WSM Radio.

The rest, as they say, is history: platinum albums, international acclaim, Las Vegas engagements, a \$350,000 home in Malibu, Calif., and

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WHO LISTENS TO THE SONGS?

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Top Recording Stars Like...

Tom T. Hall	Olivia Newton-John
Kenny Loggins	Charlie Rich
Loretta Lynn	Smokey Robinson
Johnny Mathis	Seals & Crofts
Van McCoy	Hank Williams, Jr.
Jim Messina	to name a few

Top Record Company Executives and Producers Like...

Jerry Bradley	Jimmy Ienner
Mike Curb	Artie Mogull
Clive Davis	Richard Perry
Fred Foster	Bob Reno
Kenny Gamble	Billy Sherrill
Rick Hall	among others

And Top Music Publishers Like...

Larry Fogel	Jay Morgenstern
Al Gallico	Aaron Schroeder
Robert Gordy	Lester Sill
Dick James	Jack Stapp
Ivan Mogull	Mike Stewart
Bob Montgomery	Cliffie Stone

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The Bay City Rollers	Olivia Newton-John
Johnny Cash	Tony Orlando
Cher	Elvis Presley
Rev. James Cleveland	Charlie Pride
Mac Davis	Charlie Rich
Marvin Gaye	Diana Ross
Bobby Goldsboro	Frank Sinatra
Hall & Oates	Joe Stampley
Waylon Jennings	The Temptations
Kris Kristofferson	Tanya Tucker
Barry Manilow	Stevie Wonder

AND THIS COULD HAPPEN TO YOU...

Major Record Companies are always on the lookout for talented singer/songwriters. Here are just some of the labels that have signed at least one ASF winner to a recording contract:

A&M	Epic
Asylum	MGM
Atlantic	Nemperor
Buddah	RCA
Columbia	United Artists
Elektra	Warner Bros.

So if you've been dreaming about being in the music business, instead of reading about it, the ASF could be the break you've been looking for!



THE JUDGES WANT TO HEAR YOUR SONG!

The criteria for judging in the songwriting competition are composition and lyrical content, when applicable. Elaborate instrumentation and production will have no bearing. Make a simple recording and follow the easy Entry Procedures... that's all you have to do.

OVER 1,650 PRIZES.

- 2 Grand Prizes (1 amateur category winner, 1 professional category winner) for an additional \$5,000 each.
- 8 Category Winners (5 amateur, 3 professional) will receive \$1,000 each.
- 65 Semi-Finalists (50 amateur, 15 professional) will receive \$200 each.
- 600 Quarter-Finalists (500 amateur, 100 professional) will receive \$50 each.
- 1,000 Amateur Honorable Mention Winners will each receive a beautiful scroll in recognition of their creative achievement.
- The winner of the Vocal Performance Competition will receive a Grand Prize of \$1,000.

SPECIAL FEATURES:

- * You retain all rights to your songs.
- * Amateurs never compete against Professionals.
- * The judges' decision option will allow a judge to pick an additional category for your song.

* The vocal performance competition is new and exciting. It is open to amateur singers. (See rules & regulations #9.) The judges will be looking for the best lead voice. The same tape can be entered in the songwriting competition.

WHAT YOU GET FOR ENTERING:

- **YOUR ORIGINAL CASSETTE RETURNED** with feedback from a judge recorded on it. (Optional feature at no extra cost.)
- **THE 1977 MUSIC BUSINESS DIRECTORY**—record companies, music publishers, studios and producers (reg. \$4 value).
- **A HANDBOOK FOR SONGWRITERS** containing information every songwriter should know (reg. \$3 value).
- **LIST OF 1977 WINNERS**—a list of all judges, plus all winners from Quarter-Finalists on up.

(Note: Entrant will receive one each of the above, regardless of the number of songs entered. The optional Cassette/Feedback feature is available for **each song** submitted to the Songwriting Competition.)

ENTRY PROCEDURES:

1. Record your song **clearly** on your own cassette. Only **one song** per cassette. Start recording at the beginning and rewind before mailing. **No leads sheets are needed.** Print **only** the song title on the recorded side of the cassette. (If you have recorded on a disk or reel-to-reel tape, we will duplicate it for \$1.00 per song on one of our cassettes.)
2. Fill out the entry form (or a reasonable facsimile) checking Rules and Regulations #8 and #9 for divisional status. Choose **only** categories in your division.
3. You must enter at least one category to compete. The entry fee for one category is \$13.85. The fee for each additional category and/or Judges' Decision Option is \$8.25.
4. **The Vocal Performance Competition** is open to **amateur** singers only (see Rules & Regulations #9) and the Cassette/Feedback offer does **not** apply.
5. If entering more than one song, a **separate** cassette and entry form (or reasonable facsimile) is needed for each.
6. Wrap the entry form and check or money

order around your cassette. Entry packages **must** have your name and address **printed clearly** on the outside so that acknowledgment of receipt can be sent to you.

7. Entry packages must be postmarked **NO LATER THAN JUNE 3, 1977** and sent to: The American Song Festival, P.O. Box 57, Hollywood, CA 90028. Telephone (213) 937-7370.

1977 RULES & REGULATIONS

1. Competition is open to any person except employees of the American Song Festival (ASF, Inc.) or their relatives or agents appointed by ASF, Inc.
2. The entrant warrants to ASF, Inc. that the entry is not an infringement of the copyright or other rights of any third party and that the entrant has the right to submit the entry to ASF, Inc. in accordance with its Rules and Regulations.
3. No musical composition or lyric may be entered that has been recorded or printed and released or disseminated for commercial sale in any medium in the United States prior to September 1, 1977, or the public announcement of the "Category Winners", whichever occurs first. All winners will be notified and all prizes awarded no later than January 1, 1978. Prizes will be paid to the songwriter named in item #1 on the official entry form.
4. The entrant shall (or shall cause the copyright proprietor of the entry if different from the entrant) to permit ASF, Inc. to perform the entry in and as part of any ASF, Inc. award ceremony, to record the entry on synchronization with a visual account of such ceremonies and to use the resulting account for such purposes as ASF, Inc. shall deem fit.
5. ASF, Inc. assumes no responsibility for loss of or damage to any entry prior to its receipt by ASF, Inc. If the entrant designates the "Cassette/Feedback" feature offered on the entry form, ASF, Inc. assumes no responsibility for loss or damage of material.
6. All decisions of the judges shall be final and binding upon ASF, Inc. and all entrants.
7. All entry packages must be postmarked no later than June 3, 1977. ASF, Inc. reserves the right to extend this date in the event of interruption of postal services, national emergencies or Acts of God.
8. For the purpose of songwriting competition division selection, a professional is anyone who is or has been a member or associate member of a performing rights organization, such as ASCAP, BMI, SESAC or their foreign counterparts. All others are amateurs.
9. For the purpose of eligibility in the Vocal Performance Competition, a professional singer is anyone who has had his or her voice recorded and said recording has been released or disseminated commercially in any medium and distributed for sale. All others may enter and compete.
10. Each entrant acknowledges that in the event he or she is the winner of a prize, ASF, Inc. will have the right to publicize and print his or her name and likeness and the fact that he or she won a prize and all matters incidental thereto.
11. Entrants agree to be bound by ASF, Inc. Entry Procedures and Rules & Regulations established in this official entry form.

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OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM Entry packages must be postmarked no later than JUNE 3rd.

1. SONGWRITER: _____
(Print Name)
2. ADDRESS: _____
CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____
COUNTRY: _____
PHONE: Home () _____ Office () _____
Area Code Area Code
3. TITLE OF SONG: _____

4. DIVISION SELECTION
See Rules & Regulations #8 (Songwriting Competition) and #9 (Vocal Performance Competition) to determine your divisional status. Be sure to read both.

CATEGORY SELECTION

You must select one category by checking an appropriate box (\$13.85 Entry Fee).

ADDITIONAL CATEGORIES AND J.D.O.

You may have your entry compete in additional categories by checking the appropriate boxes (\$8.25 Entry Fee for each). If you would like the judges to choose an additional category for you, check the Judges' Decision Option Box (\$8.25 Entry Fee).

- | | |
|--|---|
| AMATEUR DIVISION | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TOP 40 (Rock/Soul) | <input type="checkbox"/> FOLK |
| <input type="checkbox"/> COUNTRY | <input type="checkbox"/> GOSPEL/INSPIRATIONAL |
| <input type="checkbox"/> EASY LISTENING | <input type="checkbox"/> VOCAL PERFORMANCE |
| | (see Rules & Regulations #9) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JUDGES' DECISION OPTION | |
| (additional category only) | |

- | | | |
|--|---|----------------------------------|
| PROFESSIONAL DIVISION | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TOP 40 (Rock/Soul) | <input type="checkbox"/> EASY LISTENING | <input type="checkbox"/> COUNTRY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JUDGES' DECISION OPTION | | |
| (additional category only) | | |

5. ENTRY FEE:
FIRST CATEGORY \$13.85
ADDITIONAL CATEGORIES AND/OR JUDGES
DECISION OPTION \$8.25 × _____ = \$ _____
DUPING COST
(If entry not on cassette) \$1.00 = \$ _____
TOTAL FEE ENCLOSED \$ _____

6. COLLABORATORS' NAMES (if applicable): _____

7. ☐ CASSETTE/FEEDBACK FEATURE: Check the box to the left if you would like to have your original songwriting competition cassette returned to you with a judge's feedback recorded on the reverse side.

8. I hereby certify that I have read and agree to be bound by the Entry Procedures and Rules & Regulations of the American Song Festival which are incorporated herein by reference and that the information contained in the entry form is true and accurate.

SIGNED: _____ DATE: _____
SEPARATE ENTRY FORM NEEDED FOR EACH SONG.

Send entry to **THE AMERICAN SONG FESTIVAL**
P.O. Box 57
Hollywood, CA 90028

CS



The 1977 American Song Festival®

An International Songwriting Competition

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A presentation of Sterling Recreation Organization

A N a t u r a l M a n



The log entry, dated "Thursday June 13th 1805," reads:
"... from the extremity of this rolling country I overlooked a most beautifull and level plain of great extent or at least 50 or sixty miles; in this there were infinitely more buffaloe than I ever before witnessed at a view..."

So wrote Capt. Meriwether Lewis (not particularly noted for flawless spelling) 171 years ago in describing the countryside near what is now Ft. Benton, Mont. Ft. Benton is the head of navigation on the Missouri River, which the Minnetaree Indians called Amahte Arzsha.

For Lewis and Clark in 1805, the site was but one of many bends in the river. For Master Sergeant George Gompf and seven companions from Maimstrom AFB, Mont., Ft. Benton was the jumping-off place last summer for a week-long, modern day odyssey down Amahte Arzsha.

For them it was a trip back through a historical era peopled with the likes of Jim Bridger, John "Liver-Eating" Johnston, Joe "Bear Paw" Meek and their mountain man companions of the early 1800s.

MSgt. Gompf is rough-hewn from the same stock. "I've been a hunter most of my life," he said, his clear, gray-green eyes holding your gaze openly and honestly, both seeing and telling more than most. "I was also a competitive big-bore rifle shooter until the Air Force began phasing it out a few years back. So I transitioned, sort of, into black powder shooting."

Gompf, the NCO In Charge (NCOIC) of Maintenance Production Control, 341st Strategic Missile Wing, first used his muzzleloader for hunting turkey, antelope and deer, but then got involved in matches and exhibitions staged by the Montana Plainsmen Black Powder Gun Club of Great Falls.

"Splitting bullets on an ax, snuffing out candles, that sort of thing," said Gompf matter-of-factly, meaning one splits his bullets by shooting at the sharp edge of an ax blade, and one snuffs out a candle wick with a well-aimed shot. "Well, I'm interested in the historical aspects and authenticity, especially of the mountain men."

From that interest, an idea grew in Gompf's mind. "Almost every mountain man that ever came West came up on the Missouri River. The only primitive wilderness left on the river is about 150 miles between Ft. Benton and the James Kipp State Park. I just decided I had to make that trip before I left Montana."

For him, it was important to do it under the same primitive conditions faced by the mountain men.

Last June 13, after two years of dreaming and planning, Gompf, his 18-year-old son Herb, and six other adventurers from Maimstrom shoved off downriver in four canoes.

"Of course, my boy was in it with me from the start," said Gompf with unmistakable pride, "but we wanted at least one other boat for safety reasons. We left it open for anybody that wanted to go, but I stipulated they'd have to do it just the way the mountain men did it, as authentically as possible."

The volunteers stepped forward.
 "Some of the guys had never done

anything like this before—canoeing, camping or black powder shooting. But they turned out to be real troupers."

Authenticity extended to clothing, either buckskins or homespun. "Everything Herb and I wore," Gompf went on, "we hand-made."

The same went for Staff Sergeant John McKenney and Sgt. Lou Constantino, both members of the Montana Plainsmen group, which regularly performs authentic historical reenactments and exhibitions in full regalia. McKenney is a cofounder of the club.

Others in the group were Lt. Larry Kennedy, SSgt. Tom Rogers and sergeants Rodger Roatch and Tom Crowe. They made their clothing from homespun cloth, bought tricorne hats typical of the era and borrowed and begged weapons and other gear they needed.

"May 30th Thursday 1805," wrote Capt. William Clark. "The rain commenced yesterday evening and continued moderately through the course of the night . . . Some little rain at times all day . . . the day has proved to be raw and cold."

"The rain was our only real problem," said Gompf. "On the first night, it soaked our clothing and sleeping bags." Sleeping bags were perhaps the only concession to modernism.

"Since we took no tents, we spent the whole next morning drying out by the fire. But that's typical on the river. The mountain men encountered a lot of rain at that time of the year."

He could have added inconvenience. Herb noted it takes about three minutes to get buckskins soaked and about four hours to dry them out.

They camped that first night at Rowe's Bayou, about a mile upstream from a tributary at the Minnetarees called "The River That Scolds All Others." Capt. Lewis, on "Saturday June 18th 1805," wrote, ". . . I determined to give it a name and in honour of Miss Maria Wood called it Maria's River. It is true that the hue of the waters of this turbulent and troubled stream but illy comport with the pure celestial virtues and amiable qualifications of that lovely fair one; but on the other hand it is a noble river . . ."

"My boy," Gompf said, "killed a 4½-foot rattlesnake in a woodpile there. Supper was ready so we didn't eat it, and it wouldn't keep. Herb's just lucky, I guess, but he's always running across rattlesnakes. That may turn out to be his mountain man name."

Bestowing nicknames as a symbol of honor and respect by a mountain man's peers is a custom from those earlier days. This trip resulted in George Gompf later becoming "Missouri River" Gompf at a Montana Plainsmen initiation ceremony.

"You've always had to earn the name," explained Missouri River. History records the renowned John Johnston became "Liver-Eating" Johnston because he always removed and took a bite of the livers of slain Crow Indians. It was a distinctive act of revenge after that tribe killed Johnston's wife and unborn child.

Another fabled mountain man, Chris Lapp, became "Bear Claw" Chris due to his fascination with bear claws. He called his collection of the finest specimens his "treasures."

"Tuesday June 11th 1805," wrote Lewis. "My fare is really sumptuous this evening; buffalo's humps, tongues and marrowbones, fine trout parched meal pepper and salt, and a good appetite; the last is not considered the least of the luxuries."

Gompf said the modern mountain men ate well. "We carried jerky, pemmican (a concentrated food mixture), smoked venison ham, flour, coffee and corn meal with us. Then we gathered prickly pear cactus, thistles, and other plants and shot rabbits and pigeons. Lt. Kennedy and I did most of the cooking, with help from Tom Rogers and Tom Crowe."

Kennedy used an old outdoorsman trick for baking bread. His sourdough in a covered Dutch oven pot was inserted into a hole dug in the ground. The hole was first lined with live coals. Everything was then covered with dirt. Ninety minutes later the pot was dug up and, according to Gompf, "Man, was the lieutenant ever proud of that bread!"

The men never stopped for lunch but tied their canoes together and ate pemmican and jerky while drifting. Gompf's wife, Peggy, and daughter, Rose Marie, helped prepare the food for the trip. "They're both involved in this," he said. "They've got their own outfits, enjoy going to the matches and my daughter is turning into a pretty good shooter herself." "Sunday June 9th 1805," wrote Lewis. ". . . as we had determined to leave our blacksmith's bellows and tools here it was necessary to repair some of our arms. . . ."

Smithing, both black and gun, was often a life-and-death necessity for mountain men, a skill which Gompf readily embraced. He makes his guns, knives and tomahawks, although some of the guns are assembled from kits.

He carries a Hawken now, the model favored by the mountain men, but owns more than 40 guns, including an original Pennsylvania rifle made by his great-great-grandfather.

"Since I got into black powder, I've discovered my family can be traced back to 1795 as gunmakers. There were nine Gompfs registered as gunmakers at Lancaster Cty. Courthouse in Pennsylvania from 1830 to 1870."

As for knives, Missouri River Gompf uses only natural materials such as wood, leather or horn for handles. He makes his own designs, and the blades are cut from car springs and then hand-fashioned.

"Every bit of it is hand work. I've got my own forge, do my own heat treating and then work 'em up with files."

After retirement, he'll do it full-time—"go back into the trade of my ancestors, you might say."

Although he's sold quite a few knives to hunters, he makes them primarily for black powder people. "We don't do a lot of buying and selling; we mostly trade. A guy



Adventurer George Gompf (left) leads his party to a bluff overlooking the Missouri River during journey to retrace the steps of famed explorers Lewis and Clark.

will offer to make me something and I'll make him a knife. That's part of the fun of this black powder stuff."

Another part of the fun is the places you see.

"Friday May 31st 1805," wrote Lewis. "The hills and river Cliffs which we passed today exhibit a most romantic appearance . . . As we passed on it seemed as if those scenes of visionary enchantment would never have an end; for here it is too that nature presents to the view of the traveler vast ranges of walls of tolerable workmanship, so perfect indeed are those walls that I should have thought that nature had attempted here to rival the human art of masonry had I not recollected that she had first began her work."

Passing through the White Cliffs area was a two-day scenic high point for Gompf's band, which agreed the white sandstone carved by centuries of trickling water was a sight that added meaning to the trip. "It's unspoiled wilderness—no roads, bridges or power lines," said Gompf. A faraway look in his eyes bespoke regret for the debris of congregated man.

Riverboat pilots coming through the area named many of the formations, such as Hole In The Wall, Castle Rock and the Seven Sisters. Gompf left his own mark by naming one drumstick-shaped formation "Chicken Leg."

With canoe paddles dipping in the summer-still water of Amahte Arzzha, sometimes gurgling and tossing off drops of sun-glistened water like so much wind-blown gold dust, the eight slid past sites of past dramas, large and small, that now serve only to fill dusty tomes on the back shelves of libraries. On the south bank, just across the river from Eagle Butte, stones rested in circles.

"Those were teepee rings," said Gompf. "When the Indians pitched their teepees, they placed stones on the bottom edges to keep out the wind. When they moved on, they just left the stones where they were."

They paddled on, past the sites of forts McKenzie, Piegan, Chardon and Claggett, now but names on a map. "Back in 1820, through about 1850, they were fur-trading posts," Gompf said. "After a winter of trapping, the mountain men would bring their pelts down to these posts and buy their supplies for the next year."

Somewhere along the river, Gompf found a Green River knife. What story could that rusted relic tell? Did it drop unnoticed from a sheath or is it all that remains to mark the spot where a mountain man was struck down by Indian or bear?

Some people must ask why Gompf and the others do it, but most likely will never be satisfied with an answer. They might say he must be nuts. And while it's not a question Gompf wastes much time on, he did once tell a reporter, "I guess you could say we're just nuts for this sort of thing."

When he talks about the mountain man, he stresses that they were tough-minded, self-contained, self-reliant men who lived—or died—by their own skill and knowledge.

It comes down to this: except for the native Americans, Lewis and Clark were the first to test themselves on Amahte Arzzha. The mountain men were the many. And Missouri River Gompf, his son and six Air Force companions are, in modern day America, the few.

For those who must ask why, the questions will be forever unanswered.

"A Natural Man" was written by Capt. Stephen O. Manning III, United States Air Force, for "Airman" magazine—official publication of the Dept. of the Air Force.

Another Oxford Is Big In England

By MIKE KOSSER

NASHVILLE — Country singers and politicians like to talk about their humble beginnings. But when those beginnings are as humble as Vernon Oxford's, you want to forget.

Oxford had his best year with RCA, with his hit single "Redneck!" making the Top 20 in all the country charts. But 25 years ago he was a half-deaf runt growing up on a poor dirt farm outside of Larue, Ark., "population five or six depending on how many kids the family living there had at the time.

"Daddy bought us a pair of shoes each year, used of course, and when the soles started flopping he'd tie copper wire around the soles to hold them together." They ate squirrels, rabbits, groundhogs, brought the water up to the house by bucket and had clog dances ("we called it jig dancing") at various folks' houses for entertainment.

Now, that could be the logical end of this country story. There are untold numbers of living jukeboxes around the hillbilly heavens of our nation's cities, but in 1961 he met a girl named Loretta, who told him no so many times without making a dent in his stubborn hillbilly brain that she finally told him yes and got married.

"She said she knew I wouldn't be satisfied until I

tried to make it in Nashville, so we saved up a thousand dollars, moved to Nashville, then just sat around and relaxed the first couple of weeks we got here," Oxford recalls.

So here's Vernon Oxford, finally in Nashville, deaf as ever, country as ever, a perfect mark on the street for the mobs of Music City leeches who exist for the purpose of separating the Vernon Oxfords of the world from whatever cash they may have saved up.

One day he managed to reach the inner sanctum of RCA producer Bob Ferguson. "I sang him a song I wrote and he said he had a full roster, but I should come back if I can't get another label to take me. I was back in three days."

But it was a year before Ferguson could persuade RCA brass to sign Oxford, and one of the reasons they did was the urging of Harlan Howard and his right-hand man, Don Davis. It was understood that Howard was to apply his considerable talents to write songs for Oxford to record. On Dec. 17, 1965, Oxford recorded his first master session for RCA. Beginning with Howard's "Woman, Let Me Sing You A Song," he had seven singles over the next three years. None of them were hits, and the country boy's dream added up, in his words, to "one album, no bookings, no stations, one chart record ("Throw Your Red Shoes Away") and four appearances on the Grand Ole

Opry. Then they wouldn't let me on the Opry anymore 'cause I was 'too country.'"

Two more records, one Pete Drake's Stop record label, and the dream was over. The Oxfords were deep in a hole and he was helping his wife climb out of it by hanging sheet rock for a living.

But a startling thing was beginning to happen several thousand miles northeast of Nashville. First Oxford started getting scattered fan mail from Sweden. Then a man named Mike Craig began organizing a group with the unlikely name of the Vernon Oxford Appreciation Society. Although no Vernon Oxford records had been released overseas at that point, the society initiated such an effective grass roots campaign of letter writing that in 1973 RCA's man in London, Shaun Greenfield, released a double album of Vernon Oxford—27 cuts, all that Vernon had cut for RCA. It hit the Top 10 on British album charts and remained on the charts over a two year period. Oxford continued to hang sheet rock until Bob Powell, editor of England's "Country Music People" magazine, and promoter Mike Storey got Oxford a two and a half week tour of England.

In the land of Shakespeare and the Beatles, country music fans went ape over the Arkansas farm boy.



Vernon Oxford

Oxford came back to Nashville—and hung more sheet rock—but he did stop by RCA to tell Bob Ferguson that he expected to be back on RCA within a year. Unknown to Oxford at the time, that decision had already been made. In 1975 he went back to England for a 45-day tour, capped by a successful appearance at the International

Festival of Country Music in Wembley Stadium, and he drew overflow crowds on a follow-up tour in Ireland.

Meanwhile, his legions in Britain keep asking him if he's going to be on the next Wembley show. Says Oxford, "I haven't been asked yet. I guess you're going to have to start writing those letters again."

Mack Vickery, Country Music's Ladies Man

Any singer who's ever done time on the road knows that road pickers never have to be lonely. On the road, there's always an ample supply of companionship, and that's fine for Mack Vickery, hit songwriter and Playboy recording artist.

Mack seems to love the road and women seem to love Mack, a bear of a man with long blond hair and a great line.

Mack's put some great lines in his songs too, which include "Jamestown Ferry," "Honky-Tonk Wine," "She Went a Little Bit Farther," "Brass Buckles," and "Cedartown, Ga.," but most of the last 20 years he's been a roadrunner.

"I've played every city in the U.S.A.," he says. Honky-tonks to supper clubs, and every NCO club in the U.S., and overseas, and entertained everyone from winos to socialites.

A powerful blend of gospel, rhythm and blues and country influences, Mack learned independence early in life, after his mother died when he was 4 years old. "Dad sharecropped and worried a lot," he said, and his five older brothers and one older sister couldn't tie him down. The family moved from Alabama to Tennessee to Ohio, to Michigan to

Illinois before Mack ran off to Nashville at 14. For years he lived in grubby hotels and houses and sang where he could, but it wasn't until 1964 that he landed a songwriting gig with the country godfather, Al Gallico.

"The biggest mistake I ever made was leaving Gallico," Mack recalls. "I decided to write for Audrey Williams (Hank's ex-wife). She was a good-hearted woman. I wrote for her for two years without a contract and worked shows with Hank Jr., and she always paid."

From there he went to Pamper Music, a honkin' little company with a catalog full of songs by Hank Cochran, Harlan Howard, Willie Nelson, Ray Price and Glen Martin. When Tree Publishing Co. purchased the Pamper catalog, Mack's contract went with it and he's been with Tree ever since.

In the meantime he was working the road under the name Atlanta James, and occasionally got some choice TV shots on the "Tonight Show" and "Pop Goes the Country." Home territory to Mack was the Western Room in Nashville's famed entertainment strip, Printers Alley. It was here after a late set one night that he met a strange character

who had recently come to Nashville trying to write songs. Mack immediately spotted a kindred soul in Bobby Borchers, and the two of them have run an enviable track record both on Music Row and in the funky motels around the country.

They were also bringing songs to Eddie Kilroy, who was then struggling to get Playboy Records' country operation off the ground. Big name writers often neglect the needs of small record companies, preferring the prestige and prosperity of having their songs recorded by the big stars, so Kilroy appreciated Mack and Bobby bringing him songs for nobodies like Barbi Benton and Mickey Gilley.

Kilroy's respect for them must have increased dramatically when one of their songs, "Brass Buckles," hooked a Top 10 record for Barbi. When Borchers left ABC records, Kilroy signed him to Playboy and immediately started producing chart records on him. Last year Vickery got his release from MCA, and once again Kilroy had a spot open on the Playboy roster.

Women seem to love Mack Vickery—in person. If he can bottle what he's got and pour it into the grooves of his records, he just might go all the way.

Crook Brothers

A Legend For 50 Years

Back in the days when country music was still in its infant stage—when the Ryman Auditorium was the home of the Grand Ole Opry—the Crook Brothers brought their authentic old-time country style music there every Saturday night, rain or shine.

The Crook Brothers Band last year celebrated their 50th anniversary at the Opry, though both the band and the Opry have changed substantially since the days of jugs and washboards.

It was in 1926 that the Crook Brothers Band attracted the attention of radio station WSM's program director, George Dewey Hay (who later became the Solemn Old Judge of the Opry). They began playing at the Saturday night WSM Barn Dance—which was later to become the Grand Ole Opry—on July 24 of that year.

Only one of the original Crook brothers remains—Herman, who has taken on the role of spokesman for the Opry old-timers and has become the defender of the rights of the show's senior members.

Herman Crook and his brother Matthew were born in another century, in a time when fast and big weren't as important as good and respectable.

By the early 1920s they had put together a small band with the unusual distinction of having a dual-harmonica lead. This infant version of the Crook Brothers Band was to make the rounds of middle Tennessee and southern Kentucky, finally coming to the attention of Hay and his Barn Dance.

The Crook Brothers Band preceded all the other famous Opry string bands, including the Fruit Jar Drinkers, the Gully Jumpers and the Dixie Clodhoppers.

Matthew left the band in 1930 to join the Nashville Police Dept., and Herman hired fiddler Kirk McGee from The Boys From Sunny Tennessee band. Lewis Crook, who, incidentally, is no relation whatsoever to Herman, also joined up.

The band's personnel has changed over the years, but Herman and Lewis have remained the driving forces behind the band which began with the Opry.

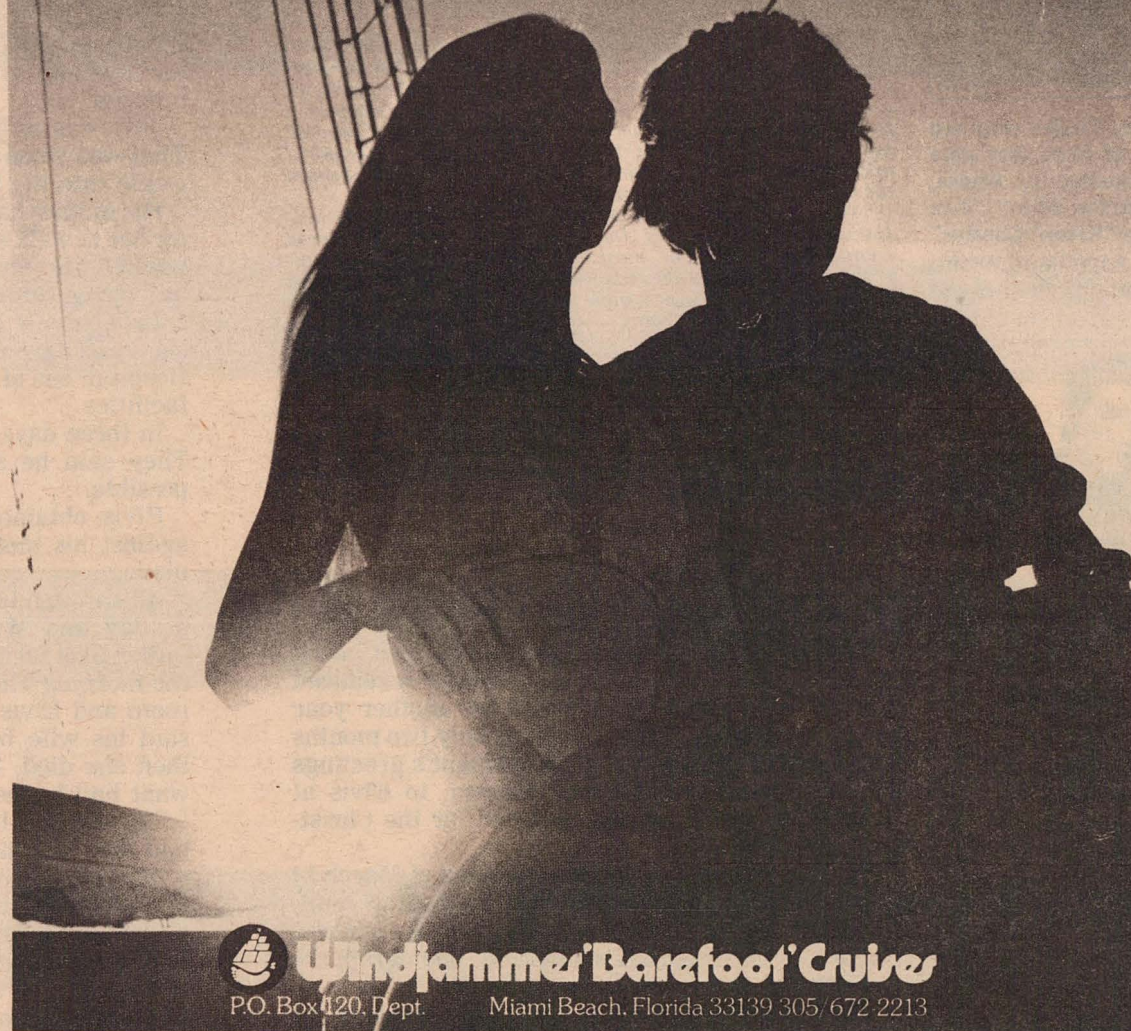
"It has changed a lot, but it shouldn't have changed. It should be the same all the way through, 'cause people

that comes to see the Grand Ole Opry, they're coming to see the old time music. That's the way it started out and there's not supposed to be a change in it," Herman said.

The present day Crook Brothers stand before the plush new home of the Grand Ole Opry with Alcyone Beasley (left), a staff member of WSM radio before the Opry—and the band—was born.



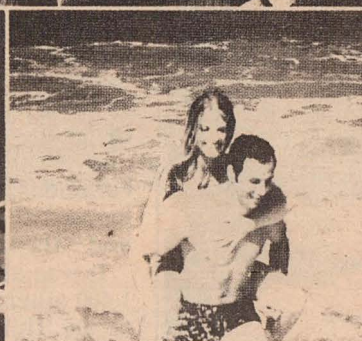
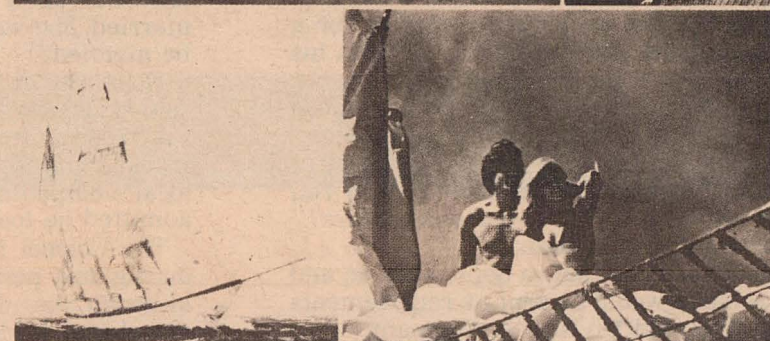
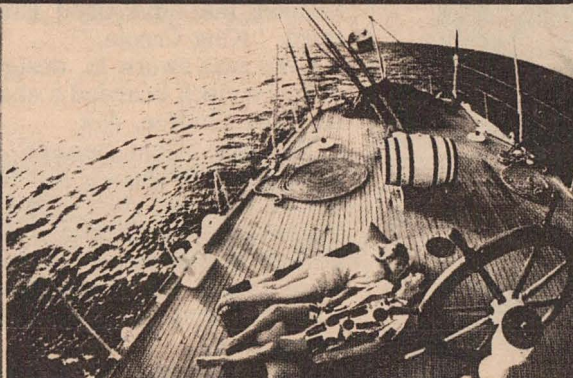
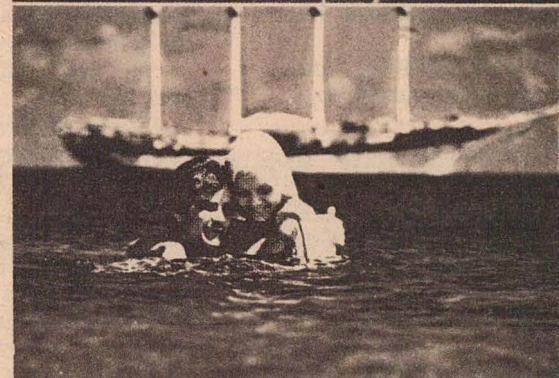
Adventure with a bang!



Windjammer Barefoot Cruises

P.O. Box 120, Dept.

Miami Beach, Florida 33139 305/672 2213



Wake up tomorrow with a love affair on your hands in the bewitching Caribbean.

Turn your tired body over to us. We'll put you on a beautiful schooner and take you to an exotic tropical paradise.

We'll anoint your body with oils and expose it to a golden sun. We'll dip your body in crystal clear waters then warm it to a golden tan on a secluded forgotten beach.

We'll nourish your body with great foods and buffets. We'll tease it with fine wines, champagne, and swizzles. We'll tighten those muscles and shape those sea legs. We'll take you for 6 or 14 days and your share is as little as \$290.

Then we'll introduce you to twilight and a night born anew. To throbbing steel drums, calypso, goombay and reggae under a twinkling heaven of stars.

Then we'll put your body in touch with some exciting shipmates. Now you're on. Fill your body with good vibrations. With good feelings.

Come Windjamming. Come share a touch of life.

With a bang!

Cap'n Mike.
Windjammer 'Barefoot' Cruises.
P.O. Box 120, Dept. 269
Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

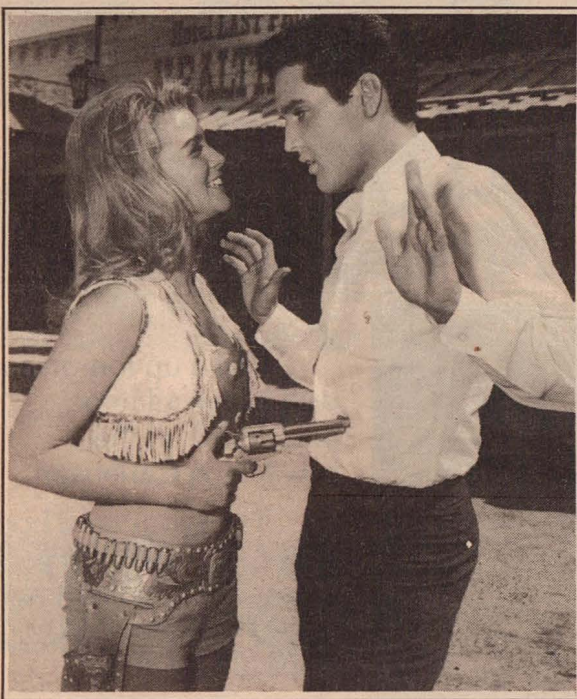
I can handle it.
Send me my free full
color 'Great Adventure' Booklet.

Name

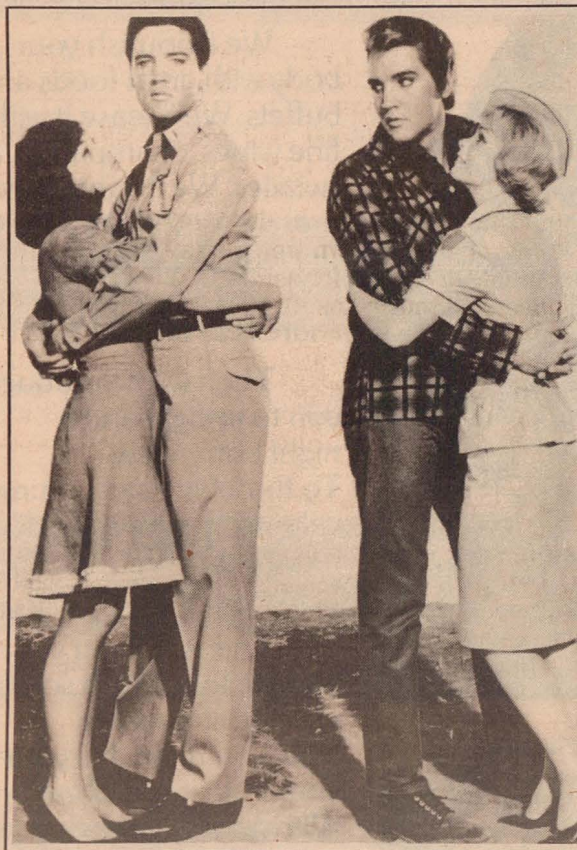
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After a two-year hitch in the Army, Presley returned to Hollywood, starring in a series of films that were notable for their low budgets and mediocrity. Above, he and Ann-Margret ham it up on the set of "Viva Las Vegas." He played a duo role in "Kissin' Cousins" (below), a movie that was shot in a matter of weeks. (Bottom) Elvis appeared with a young Mary Tyler Moore in "Change of Habit."



1958 was a year of drastic change for America's newest teen idol. First he was drafted into the Army, then his mother passed away. But he accepted both the setback to his career and the heartbreak with courage, & he became a man.

Ed. Note: By now it's a familiar story—of how a dirt-poor Southern boy swiveled his way from back country quarter beer joints to superstardom; how a young singer with the profile of a Greek god, a lusty voice and animal sexuality was discovered by a one-time carnival barker and transformed from a "good ol' boy" into a national institution. In the process he acquired mind-boggling wealth and unprecedented fame, and he changed the course of music forevermore.

The phenomenal career of Elvis Presley—"The King"—now has spanned two decades. During that time he has influenced countless thousands of musicians, become an idol of epic proportions—and the dream lover of millions of women. But—despite the fame and fortune he now enjoys—he has never forgotten his country roots or a boyhood spent in a Tupelo, Miss., shack.

His music carries the stamp of his humble country origin, the country music he listened to, and the country stars he idolized as a boy in the 1930s and 1940s.

Beginning with this issue, CountryStyle will tell the dramatic story of Elvis' life, a story that graphically illustrates that "The King"—even though he's sitting on top of the popular music world—is pure country.

From ELVIS by Jerry Hopkins
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Back in October, Milton Bowers, the draft board chairman in Memphis, said that because of reduced draft quotas, probably it would be another year before Elvis got his call. But it was only two months later, on Dec. 20, when the government's greetings were delivered in person by Bowers, to Elvis at Graceland, where he had returned for the Christmas holidays.

On the cold, rainy, Monday morning of March 24 Elvis arrived at Local Board 86. It was 6:35 a.m., and although he was nearly half an hour early, already dozens of newsmen and photographers were there.

The Colonel was there too, of course, handing out balloons that advertised Elvis' upcoming film, his third, "King Creole."

Elvis was sworn in, designated US53310761, and at five o'clock boarded a chartered Greyhound bus for Fort Chaffee, Ark.

The new Elvis "image" was being accepted. Adults began to accept him because he was going to get his hair cut, start dressing like a human being (in uniform), said he was going to serve like any other boy, and stopped shaking publicly. The kids were taking the soppy farewell equally well; it wasn't all that unpopular to be in the Army in 1958, remember.

Still Elvis had to contend with his fans, who swarmed over the post on weekends, hoping for a glimpse of their hero. And he had to live with his fellow soldiers, who rode him good-naturedly but endlessly. If he wasn't ducking back into a barracks to escape being seen by girls zipping up the company street in convertibles, he was forcing grins at comments like "Maybe you'd like some rock 'n' roll instead of reveille" and "Miss your teddy bears?" and "By the right wiggle—march!"

It was also announced that in September he and 1,400 other soldiers would be sent as replacements to the Third Armored Division in Germany.

Elvis may not have been on public display during

this period, but it didn't mean his popularity was diminishing. If anything, the attention only increased.

July was ordinary. August was something else. That was when Elvis' world collapsed like a sand castle into the boiling sea.

His mother had not been well. It had been difficult for her to walk and to concentrate and to carry on a normal life. She had lost most of her enthusiasm and sprightliness.

In Memphis doctors said she had hepatitis and she was given a private room at Methodist Hospital, one of the city's newest and most modern facilities.

In three days the doctors placed a call to Elvis. They said he should come home as quickly as possible.

Elvis obtained an emergency leave and went against his mother's wishes and boarded an airplane.

All through the night Tuesday and all day Wednesday and Wednesday evening, Elvis and his father took turns sitting at the bedside. At three in the morning Thursday, Vernon was in the hospital room and Elvis was asleep at Graceland. Vernon said his wife began "suffering for breath." And then she died. Vernon called Elvis and told him what had happened.

The doctors later announced that Mrs. Presley had died of a heart attack.

"She tried very hard," says a family friend. "She really did. She wanted to be what she thought Elvis wanted her to be. She wanted to look good for Elvis, to be thin and attractive. But she was not supposed to be thin, and she stayed heavy, began to put on more weight. So she began to take pills. Diet pills. I guess they became a habit with her. And then she switched to alcohol."

"Oh God," Elvis choked. "Oh, God, everything I have is gone . . ."

Elvis was given an extension of his emergency leave and remained in Memphis for another week.

"I was an only child," Elvis said on the day he left for Germany. "She was very close, more than a mother. She was a friend who would let me talk to her any hour of the day or night if I had a problem. I would get mad sometimes when she wouldn't let me do something. But I found out she was right about almost everything. She would always try to slow me up if I ever thought I wanted to get married. She was right. It helped my career not to be married."

Elvis was no stranger in Germany. His records sold briskly to German youth. His signature was worth three marks on the teenage autograph market, a signed picture equal to 10 of his nearest local competitor, 19-year-old Peter Kraus, who admitted he took his style from Elvis' movies.

The Colonel wasn't asleep in his trophy room during this period. All through his Army years, although he didn't cut a record or appear anywhere, Elvis remained a highly commercial property which the Colonel represented quite

masterfully. Elvis had been in Europe only a month when the Colonel told the papers in Nashville that Elvis earned \$2 million in 1958, despite his being in the Army almost all that time. And he said he figured 1959 would be even better.

In Germany it was business as usual. According to Elvis' sergeant, he "scrubbed, washed, greased, painted, marched, ran, carried his laundry and worried through inspections just as everyone else did." Sometimes Elvis would entertain his Army buddies informally, singing songs like "Danny Boy" and "I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen" rather than his record hits. The cookies continued to arrive from fans by the mail sackful. Elvis still went on maneuvers. He arduously practiced his karate, eventually winning a second degree black belt. And he and his father met their future wives—Priscilla Beaulieu (pronounced Bolew), then the 14-year-old daughter of an Air Force captain stationed in Wiesbaden, and Davada (Dee) Elliott, a Huntsville, Ala., woman then married to an Army sergeant.

It was announced that Elvis probably would be discharged not in March 1960 as planned, but in February. Quickly the media began to pump themselves up for the welcome home.

As for his first public appearance, this was not to be a special on ABC-TV or a closed-circuit TV concert as was announced in 1959 but a guest appearance on one of Frank Sinatra's shows, for which Elvis would be paid \$125,000, more than any other guest performer in television's brief but expensive history.

During his absence much had happened. Jerry Lee Lewis had been banished by the prudish public and Little Richard had thrown his jewelry into an Australian river and gone into a seminary. Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens and the Big Bopper were dead. Rock 'n' roll was reeling from a payola probe. The big album sellers in the winter of 1959-60 were Ricky Nelson, Fabian, Frankie Avalon and Bobby Darin—Elvis imitators. No one—absolutely no one—had come along during Elvis' tour of duty worthy of taking his throne.

After Elvis' stint in the Army, he went back to what he was doing before he entered the service—mainly making movies and records. One of the first albums he released was a collection of religious songs.

It was logical that Elvis would record an album of church songs and hymns because this was his favorite music. Elvis and the Jordanaires and his friends and family often sang such songs for as long as six or eight hours at a stretch. Elvis himself once said he thought he knew every hymn ever written. Besides, the "Peace In The Valley" LP that Elvis recorded in 1957 had been a consistent seller over the years. So the album "His Hand In Mine" was sort of a long-delayed followup. In it there were 12 songs, all featuring the Jordanaires and including several standards such as "Joshua Fit The Battle" and "Swing Down, Sweet Chariot," both of which Elvis arranged and adapted. The album was an excellent one giving Elvis a chance to share the songs he liked to sing around the piano at home. It also showed how great a debt Elvis owed his favorite gospel groups.

In the 1960s Elvis had an impressive entourage, a group of seven to 12—it varied—young men approximately his own age, all of whom were on salary, earning \$150 to \$250 a week. Most went wherever Elvis went and, except for two he met in the Army, all were from the Memphis area, so newsmen began calling them the "Memphis Mafia." It was the "Mafia" that gave Elvis—until he married—security, comfort and companionship.

His life had settled into a cushioned routine. There were "incidents," there were many things to remember or worry or laugh about. But the films and records and lifestyle seemed fixed.

"I have no need of bodyguards," Elvis once said,

In case you've missed any of the previous installments and would like to catch up, you can get back issues of CountryStyle. The ad appears on Page 42.

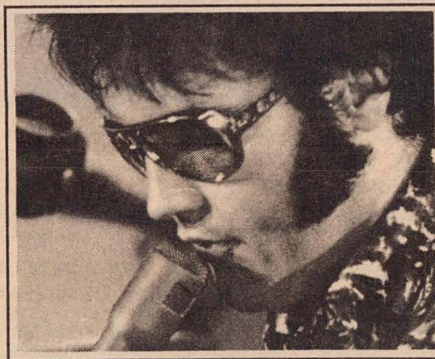
"but I have very specific uses for two highly trained certified public accountants, an expert transportation man to handle travel arrangements, make reservations, take care of luggage, etc., a wardrobe man and a confidential aide and a security man who will handle safety arrangements in large cities where crowds of people are involved. This is my corporation which travels with me at all times. More than that, all these members of my corporation are my friends."

Even so, to hear the boys tell it today, much of the time was spent having fun.

"There was one time," says friend Richard Davis, "we went to Beverly Hills and bought out three photo shops of all their flashbulbs, every bulb in all three stores, and then bought a half a dozen BB guns. We went back to the house, threw the flashbulbs in the swimming pool, where they floated, and then started shooting. Every time we hit one, it'd explode and sink. We did that three nights running. It took me two solid days to clean the pool after, but it was worth it."

"Another time, back in Memphis, I got the job of buying tractors. First I bought the little ones and graduated to the big diesels. We had the carpenter build a trailer that held 15 or 20 people and we'd drive around Graceland as fast as we could, pulling that trailer full of people, see if we could throw everybody off. I think it was Billy Smith suggested

After two decades at the top of the show business heap, Presley still is the undisputed king.



we strap a saddle on the tractor, ride it like a horse. By now the yard behind the house looked like a field plowed by a drunk, all ruts and bumps. We'd take turns driving the tractor fast across the ruts, trying to buck each other off. We did that for several days."

The boys lived with Elvis' moods—some brought on, apparently, by dieting. "He always had the weirdest eating habits I ever saw," says a friend. "Burnt bacon, olives, vegetable soup and peanut butter and banana sandwiches—that was about it. Sometimes he'd get on a jag of some kind, eating nothing but yogurt, but usually he didn't eat much at all. He could go through four recording sessions without eating. The rest of us would eat three meals and all he'd have was a bowl of soup and maybe a glass of milk. This was to keep his weight down. He'd run his movies and watch himself in a screening room, slumped way down in his seat, cringing, saying, 'No... no... too fat!' He worried about his weight all the time."

"He also worried about his hair. He went into seclusion. He wouldn't be seen. People he loved would go to the Graceland gates and he wouldn't see them. If his hair wasn't right or his eyes weren't right, he'd hide. He was dyeing his hair black by now, but once he hadn't dyed it and he let it grow out. It was blond and he looked great. We said we thought it looked just great and he said he thought he'd leave it that way. Next time we saw him it was dyed double black."

"The temper was the hardest thing to take," the friend says. "One day he'd be the sweetest person in the world, the next day he'd burn holes in you with his eyes. It was hard on the guys. One time he fired every one of them, told them to get their asses back to Memphis, and they packed and left. By the time they'd got to the airport, Elvis changed his mind, so he had one of the boys paged and when he came to the phone, Elvis told them to get their asses back, they were on the payroll again."

It was the same temper that often caused the destruction of property. Back in 1957 he hurled an expensive guitar out of his hotel room into a hallway, splintering it. A visitor to one of his Bel Air homes tells a story about the time he demonstrated his reaction to a Lee Dorsey record by heaving a heavy glass ashtray through the front of the jukebox. Other friends say that over the years he has destroyed several television sets, that once when the lights didn't work properly on a bumper pool table, he took a pool cue and beat the table into pieces.

The Mafia never complained.

The parties were something else again.

"It was weird," recalls Ellen Pollon, who went to a party at Elvis'. "We'd sit around watching television—that's what we did 75 per cent of the time—and nobody'd ever laugh at anything unless Elvis did. If Elvis laughed, everybody'd just roar. Not more than Elvis laughed, but just as much."

If Elvis weren't making a movie, he'd race for Graceland where he'd keep his boys up all night and sleep all day, when they ran errands. And every year he'd remodel the place, changing rooms or adding them.

Occasionally one of the guys would get a girl pregnant and Elvis would see that everything was taken care of.

Priscilla and Elvis continued to see each other romantically during this period, but it was, according to friends, a fiery off-and-on relationship, as Elvis also dated most of his leading ladies in Hollywood. But Priscilla was living at his Memphis estate.

Elvis made no public appearances during this period—1961 to 1967—but he hadn't abandoned music by any means.

"We played guitars and sang," relates singer Johnny Rivers. "My first hit record, 'Memphis,' which I didn't have until five years later, that was a thing he and I used to do together all the time. Whoever was in town was invited up. There was a standing invitation for some. Musicians from Nashville, local musicians. Roy Orbison came by once. I met one of the Everly brothers there. He'd worked with a lot of them. The Jordanaires would come by when they were in town. We did all kinds of music—a lot of Chuck Berry things, old Little Richard things, Fats Domino things, sort of the rock and roll standards."

For seven years Elvis stayed on his Bel Air, Calif., and Memphis hilltops and horsed around with his Mafia, played football and rode motorcycles, dated pretty girls, drove around in amazing automobiles, stayed out of sight most of the time, worried about his weight and hair, cut records and made movies.

Mostly he made movies. From the spring of 1961 to the summer of 1968—the date of the videotaping of his first television special, which marked the beginning of his public return—Elvis starred in no less than 21 films, an average of three a year.

In 1965, as Elvis celebrated his 29th birthday, the No. 1 song in the U.S. was "I Feel Fine," the fifth consecutive No. 1 song for the Beatles. Later in the year the Beatles visited Elvis at his Bel Air home, joining him in an impromptu jam session, and although the Beatles themselves say Elvis was what inspired them, Elvis didn't have any number one songs from the spring of 1962 to the winter of 1969.

Elvis did transcend all the medium-to-lousy film material he was assigned; when lines formed outside the theaters, those in the lines were there to see Elvis and no one or anything else. This had changed by 1966. Elvis had put on weight and his dyed hair was sprayed with so much lacquer you could bounce rocks off it and even the loyal fans who wrote for "Elvis Monthly," a British publication, stopped going to the pictures. One called the films "animated puppet shows for no-over-bright children." And Elvis began to wonder about the product he was turning out, first showing boredom and then occasional pique.

NEXT: Sky-high earnings.

COUNTRY MAILBOX

Country Mailbox is reserved for your letters. We'd like you to use it to express your opinions about anything you read in CountryStyle. If you like us, tell us. If you don't, we want to hear that, too. Send your letters to: COUNTRY MAILBOX, 11058 W. Addison St., Franklin Park, Illinois 60131.

Dear CountryStyle,

I am a country music fan and of course I have my favorites but something bothers me lately. I am sure that patrons of the opera are not interested in hearing Beverly Sills sing "Coal Miner's Daughter," likewise I am not interested in hearing Loretta Lynn sing Aida or Carmen.

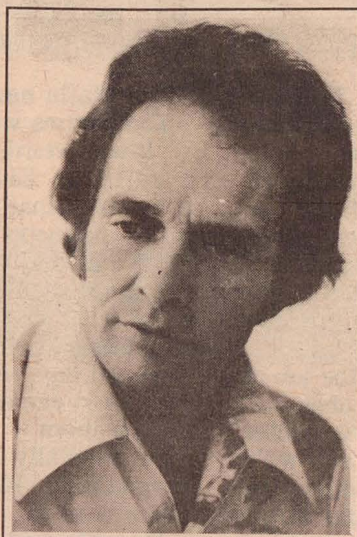
It seems that lately every time one of my favorite country stars is going to be on national TV, I anxiously await their appearance only to hear them sing, not their latest hit but something not their style. Roy Clark is a country music star and he didn't get there singing "Beautiful Dreamer."

I am tired of seeing my favorite Merle Haggard running around the stage dressed up like a fugitive from a costume party singing "The Sheik Of Araby." I for one don't appreciate this sort of thing.

Please see that this letter reaches the ones that will do the most good. Looking forward to some good shows???

Mrs. Pat Taylor
Baton Rouge, La.

Ed.—You're entitled to your opinion, but we see nothing wrong with an entertainer breaking out of a stereotype mold and experimenting with different endeavors.



Merle Haggard

Dear CountryStyle,

In the March 10, 1977, issue, Jay MacDonald, in referring to the late Jimmie Rodgers, mentions four songs by the "blue yodeler," among them "My Carolina Mountain Home."

I have one of the most complete Rodgers collections to be found, having each of his Victor and Bluebird records—including the "Rodgers picture record—Rodgers memorial record," and I can assure you he recorded no song titled "My Carolina

Mountain Home." Perhaps Mr. MacDonald meant "My Carolina Sunshine Girl."

James F. Clinger II
Tujunga, Calif. 91042

Ed.—Good reading, James. In digging in the tombs of country music, one occasionally gets dusty-eyed. We must have had the Carter Family's "My Clinch Mountain Home" in mind, which was also a hit the same year as "My Carolina Sunshine Girl" (1929) and combined the two. Thanks for letting the "Sunshine" in!

Dear CountryStyle,

I read your magazine and it does not say anything about Moe Bandy. I would like to know if this person does exist. All we have is some of his records.

However, we have not seen him on any TV shows or appearing any place in this city or state. Does he really exist or is Moe Bandy just a stage name for some other singer and where does he make his appearances at and when? Does he ever plan on making any appearances in the city of Columbus, Ohio,

and if so when? Also is it possible to get a picture of him to find out what he looks like? Even WMNI doesn't know when he will be here. Thanks.

Roy Gibson
Columbus, Ohio

Ed.—CountryStyle has printed two articles on Moe Bandy in issues No. 2 and No. 8. For photos and his itinerary contact Top Billing, Inc., P.O. Box 12514, Nashville, Tenn. 37212



Wayne Kemp

Dear CountryStyle,

Thank you for the wonderful article and picture you did of our star, Wayne Kemp.

We are very proud of Wayne and hope he soon becomes a superstar as he deserves it! We have had the pleasure of meeting Pat and his children. They are wonderful people. They showed us a great time in Nashville last year and we love them all dearly.

Thanks again and we hope to see more articles on Wayne in the future. Keep up the good work as CountryStyle is great.

Barbara and Don Allen
The Wayne Kemp Fan Club
Grand Prairie, Texas 75051

Ed.—Glad you liked the article.

Dear CountryStyle,

How about seeing something on Jerry Reed? I must say he is my favorite! Or how about something on Mac Davis? I don't see much on either one of them. You must admit they are great!

Sure do like your paper. You have great informative writeups!

R.F. Delamarter
Hobe Sound, Fla. 33455

Ed.—CountryStyle printed an article on Mac Davis in issue No. 3, and articles on Jerry Reed in issues No. 2 and 5. Stay tuned for more!

COUNTRYSTYLE

Backstage

By RAY BACHAR
Managing Editor

It won't come as a surprise to persons in Iowa or up in Rhinelander, Wis., but a rapidly increasing number of Americans believes small town living is the only way to go.

The simpler country lifestyle appeals more than the hustle-bustle that is synonymous with urban area residency. And they're flocking to rural communities by the thousands, reversing a trend that has existed in this country almost since the beginning of the industrial revolution.

For the first time in decades, more Americans are leaving their urban homes to live in small towns than are leaving rural communities for metropolitan areas.

This startling bit of information comes from no less an authoritative source than the Agriculture Department.



Country Getting Bigger In Country

Not surprising is that this shift in Americans' priorities coincides with the enormous growth in popularity of country music.

The honesty and simplicity of both the music and lifestyle, it appears, have captivated the nation. Both are luring converts at a dizzying pace.

Werner Doberstein, according to a recent news story, is typical of those taking part in the exodus from urban areas. He moved with his wife and young son from Philadelphia to Mill Hall, Pa., a hamlet nestled in the hills of north-central Pennsylvania.

"I don't like crowded cities and their impersonality," he was quoted as telling "Grit," a weekly newspaper that is distributed nationally.

"We lived in an apartment complex for four years in Philadelphia and really didn't know any of our neighbors. No one

wanted to bother."

Doberstein, who grew up near Wilmington, Del., and attended pharmacy school in Philadelphia, also feels safer in the country.

"It's been a nice change not having to lock ourselves out," he enthused. "Here we can trust our neighbors to look out for us."

Another person quoted in the same article, Janet Rekate, left Portland, Ore., for the tiny oceanfront town of Cannon Beach, Ore.

She even changed careers, switching from a job as a psychiatric social worker to selling real estate.

"I can sit on a hill and watch the ocean any time I want," she said. "When I go back to the city, I am aghast at the smog and confusion."

If she's aghast at the pollution in Portland, just think how refugees from Chicago or Detroit feel.

Dirty air—and the quest for the

simple, honest life—isn't the only reason discerning persons are fleeing the cities, according to Agriculture Department demographics experts. They are seeking relief from such urban problems as crime, drugs and high living costs—to the extent that the population in rural areas is growing at about 7 per cent a year, while the growth in metropolitan areas is only about 4 per cent annually.

Also, conveniences that only a few years ago were available only to city dwellers are now found in rural America. These include better roads, communications and housing and such amenities as cultural and artistic attractions.

Officially, 58 million persons now live in the country compared with 155 million living in metropolitan areas.

A lot of people are going countrystyle.

The COUNTRYSTYLE Reader Poll

CountryStyle has come up with the cure for all those fanatic country music followers frustrated because they disagreed with the all-star selections made by the Country Music Association and the Academy of Country Music.

We're taking a poll of our readers so finally they'll have a voice in handing out the honors for top male vocalist, female vocalist, group, instrumentalist and composer.

Nominations are already pouring in from readers across the country. We think it's about time that the folks who buy the records and put the quarters in the jukeboxes had their say.

There are no rules. You simply fill out the coupon—listing your favorite male and female singers, group, instrumentalist and composer—and send it in to CountryStyle.

To be fair about it, we can accept only one ballot per reader. And that must be the official one at right (no photocopies, please—our help here is educated and can easily tell the difference).

A partial list of performers—to help confuse you—is also printed below.

Ballots will be printed in the next five issues of CountryStyle. After a short pause—to allow ballots to be counted—the winners will be announced in mid-summer.

The top vote-getter in each category will receive a suitable award designating him as best in his field, as chosen by CountryStyle readers.

So go to it fans, let's hear who your favorites are!



MALE VOCALIST

Roy Acuff
Rex Allen, Jr.
Bill Anderson
Eddy Arnold
Chet Atkins
Hoyt Axton
Moe Bandy
Bobby Bare
Jim Ed Brown
Jimmy Buffett
Johnny Bush
Johnny Cash
Guy Clark
Roy Clark
David Allen Coe
Randy Corner
Billy "Crash" Craddock

Mac Davis
Jimmy Dean
John Denver
Dave Dudley
Stoney Edwards
Blake Emmons
Harvel Felts
Freddie Fender
Larry Gatlin
Don Gibson
Mickey Gilley
Jack Greene
Ray Griff
Merle Haggard
Tom T. Hall
Freddie Hart
John Hartford
Ferlin Husky
Sonny James
Waylon Jennings
George Jones
Wayne Kemp
Don King
Kris Kristofferson
Jerry Lee Lewis
Gordon Lightfoot
Bob Luman
C.W. McCall
Roger Miller
Ronnie Milsap
Bill Monroe
Lester Moran
Willie Nelson
Jimmy Newman
Buck Owens
Carl Perkins
Elvis Presley
Ray Price
Charley Pride
John Prine
Eddie Rabbitt
Eddy Raven
Jerry Reed
Ronnie Reno
Charlie Rich
Marty Robbins
Johnny Rodriguez
T.G. Sheppard
Cal Smith
Hank Snow
Red Sovine
Jim Stafford
Joe Stampley

Kenny Starr
Ray Stevens
Gary Stewart
Mel Street
Nat Stuckey
Billy Swan
Mel Tillis
Ernest Tubbs
Conway Twitty
Porter Wagoner
Billy Walker
Jerry Jeff Walker
Freddie Weller
Rusty Wier
Don Williams
Hank Williams, Jr.
Mac Wiseman
Steve Young

FEMALE VOCALIST

Lynn Anderson
Barbi Benton
Ronee Blakely
June Carter Cash
Judy Collins
Jesse Colter
Rita Coolidge
Wilma Lee Cooper
Helen Cornelius
Skeeter Davis
Penny DeHaven
Dottsy
Barbara Fairchild
Donna Fargo
Crystal Gayle
Bobby Gentry
Arlene Hardin
Linda Hargrove
Emmylou Harris
Wendy Holcombe
Jessica James
LaCosta
Brenda Lee
Lawanda Lindsey
Loretta Lynn
Barbara Mandrell
Jody Miller
Melba Montgomery
Anne Murray
Tracy Nelson
Olivia Newton-John
Chris O'Connell
Bonnie Owens
Dolly Parton
Minnie Pearl
Sandy Posey
Jeanne Pruitt
Susan Ray
Becky Remec
Jeanie C. Riley
Linda Ronstadt
Jeannie Seely
Sunday Sharpe
Jeanie Shepard
Connie Smith
Margo Smith
Sammi Smith
Billie Jo Spears
Diana Trask

Tanya Tucker
Mary Lou Turner
Kitty Wells
Dottie West
Leona Williams
Tammy Wynette

COMPOSER

Hoyt Axton
Mac Davis
John Denver
Merle Haggard
Tom T. Hall
Linda Hargrove
John Hartford
Waylon Jennings
Kris Kristofferson
Gordon Lightfoot
Roger Miller
Michael Murphey
Willie Nelson
Johnny Rodriguez
Shel Silverstein

INSTRUMENTALIST

Chet Atkins
Roy Clark
Vassar Clements
Curly Ray Cline
Pete Drake
Lester Flatt
Johnny Gimble
Josh Graves

Lloyd Green
John Hartford
Dave Kirby
Charlie McCoy
Ralph Mooney
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Barbara Mandrell's Arabian Nights...

And Her Days In Saudi Arabia Were An Adventure As Well

By JAY MacDONALD

Thereupon Dunyazad came into the sleeping chamber. She sat there very quietly until it was past the middle of the night; then she coughed, and she said: "Oh Scheherazade, my sister, if you are still wakeful, tell us one of your delightful stories so that we may beguile the waking hours of this, our last night together." "Most willingly," said Scheherazade, "if this good King will give us leave to be talkative." The King, hearing these words and being restless, was pleased with the prospect of listening to a story, and he said, "Tell on." Thereupon Scheherazade rejoiced greatly, and at once she began...

Who hasn't been spellbound by the tales of "A Thousand and One Arabian Nights?" The romance of the endless desert, dark-eyed sheiks with scimitars aloft their camels, veiled beauties, smoky tents, whispering sands.

It's got all the makings, in fact, of a bedtime story that

petite Barbara Mandrell might spin for son Matthew, 5, or baby Jaime, 1.

Only now the bouncy 5-foot-2 charmer can substitute her own 12 nights for Scheherazade's 1,001 and fascinate family and friends with her tales of Arabian nights.

"It was like being Elvis Presley!" exclaimed the vivacious Mandrell, still flying high on her return from Saudi Arabia, where she and her five Do-Rites became the first country entertainers, and only the fourth foreign act, to tour the oil-rich nation.

They were the guests of the Arabian American Oil Company, which got around a government ban on live entertainment by booking them into ARAMCO camps in smaller towns.

Though Mandrell admits "I didn't know what to expect," she concedes she did not expect what awaited her that opening night: an all-male

audience comprised of 27 different nationalities. She admits, too, that there was a language barrier throughout the tour, though the audiences didn't seem to mind. "You'd see the Americans tapping their feet and the Arabs wiggling their heads to the beat of the music. At the end they all just came to their feet in a standing ovation," she recalled.

For a gal who likes to sign autographs and jaw with the fans, the security surrounding her seemed a little tight. She soon found out why.

"They would take me out quickly and push me into this little bus. Then when I got in the bus I opened the window cause the guys were all crowding around, to get an autograph or kiss my hand, just fabulous. One night, though, the bus got going and they had my left hand and pulled me out the bus window to my waist! One of the guys in my band grabbed me and pulled me back in," she recalled.

"They were doing it in a nice way, though. It really made me feel good."

She and the Do-Rites have performed in 20 foreign countries, but none approached Saudi Arabia for pure fascination. A country of 8 million people, Saudi Arabia offers a striking contrast of old and new, Mandrell says.

"Every direction you look there's construction going on, yet you see little old huts made of tin and adobe, with TV antennas on top and a brand new car out front.

"The government will loan a man \$120,000 for 50 years without interest, and if the loan is not paid back in 50 years it's canceled. I asked our guide Mohammad why people live in those huts, and he said for generation after generation they've lived there and they don't want to move," she explained.

"I saw tents with TV antennas, and I'll be darned if I can figure how they plugged them in!"

"And you would see Rolls-Royces parked next to donkey carts. I've never seen so many Rolls-Royces and



Barbara Mandrell stands out in a crowd wherever she travels, but she'd never received so much attention as during her recent visit to Saudi Arabia. She and her band, the Do-Rites, were the first country music emissaries to be invited to tour the oil-rich nation. The ever-curious Barbara spent her days sightseeing in markets (above) and farms (below).





Mercedes. And I once saw a goat in the backseat of a new Chevrolet."

One of the popular sports of the Saudis is golf, though their courses differ drastically from Pebble Beach.

"The course is mostly sand with weeds and you tee off from rubber mats and carry a little green patch of plastic grass with you and hit off that. The greens are all sand, oiled and raked, and after you finish putting you rake it smooth again," she said.

When asked about the subservient role of women in the Arabian culture, Mandrell was careful in choosing her words, careful to respect the culture of her hosts.

"For a woman, due to their religion, it's very, very different. A man is allowed up to four wives, and if he wants to marry another, he must divorce one of the four. It takes about an hour to get married and the husband must pay the father for the daughter depending on their financial status.

"Then if he divorces a wife, the husband simply tells the wife three times 'I divorce

you, I divorce you, I divorce you' and she returns home to her family. There is no alimony or anything, because the husband already paid for her.

"The women are not on an equal basis, though they can remarry. They are more like merchandise," she said.

"But they respect their women, boy do they!" she added.

Barbara admits she was prevented from seeing one of the Saudi port districts, not because she was American but because she was a woman. "I guess it just wasn't a place that women are allowed," she figures, though she still wonders.

In only four of the 10 shows were there women in the audience, and then most of them were American or European wives.

Always the sightseer, Mandrell would journey out every waking hour to the markets, where, she says, she was as much a curiosity to the Saudis as they were to her.

"I was careful to wear bulky clothes, and always long sleeves and slacks" as Saudi women do not expose

anything but their hands and feet.

"But even my bulkiest sweaters were more tight-fitting than anything women over there wear. Sure, you feel them looking at you, and I told my father (and manager, Irby Mandrell) 'And with my little figure . . .'" she laughed.

The veiled woman in the market place would stoop down to look at the fresh-faced Barbara, or tug on her hair, just to see what it felt like.

Though she and the band were catered to with special tables and meals of steak and lobster, Mandrell was curious about the local eating customs. What she found, she admitted good-naturedly, was something of a shock to her love for animals.

"I thought that sheep's eyeballs were a delicacy, but it turns out that anyone can eat them. But the one that cuts out the tongue must recite poetry for the dinner party and if you want the brains you have to crush the skull with your bare hands,"

It took a little coaxing by the Do-Rites to get Barbara Mandrell atop the Arabian version of ol' Paint (above), but she found the camel calm and quite accommodating. Below, Barbara dons the traditional dress of Saudi women.



(Continued on page 45)

Louis L'Amour's 'Men

Louis L'Amour, the world's most famous Western writer, has lived the life of his fictional characters. Since leaving his native Jamestown, North Dakota, at 15, he's been a longshoreman, lumberjack, elephant handler, hay shocker, flume builder, fruit picker and an officer on tank destroyers during World War II.

The following is one in a series of short stories that he has given CountryStyle special permission to reprint. The story is typical of the L'Amour style—painstakingly accurate. L'Amour's knowledge of the West comes from his extensive travels, his biographies of more than 1,000 Western gunfighters, and his prodigious reading (his library holds over 2,000 volumes of Western lore).

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This is the second part of "Men To Match The Hills."

Jim Bostwick was growing angry now. He didn't like being hunted, and he liked even less the thought behind it, and the man behind it. More than once he had walked into the face of a gun, and with a queer kind of fatalism he was sure that some day he would die just that way. Yet he knew what he was going to do now. He was going to get this killer, and then he was going to get Charley Gore.

Yet he was not without the usual rough, ironic cowboy sense of humor so common in the West. The killer was up there on the hill hiding in the brush, and all the time the intended victim knew it. Suddenly, he began to chuckle. An idea had come to him, one he would enjoy.

Getting his pick and shovel he went out beside the house at a place just far enough away, but one which allowed no nearby cover, and commenced to dig. High on Elk Ridge, Cap Moffit stared down at Bostwick, puzzled by the digging. He became more puzzled as the hole became outlined. It was about six feet long and probably no more than half that wide. Jim Bostwick was digging a grave!

While digging, the idea that had been nagging at Bostwick's memory flowered suddenly. There had been other cases such as this. Lone men murdered without a clue, killed by some hidden marksman who then had vanished. There had been a family of three, slain one after another, over in the Panhandle.

Cap Moffit!

Jim Bostwick walked into the cabin and put the coffeepot on the stove. Nothing much was known about Cap Moffit. He was a rumor, perhaps a legend. A rancher had hinted once, at the beginning of a range war, that the proper way to end one was to send for Moffit. It had been a casual remark, yet it seemed to have information behind it. After that, there had been other stories, guarded, indefinite. It seemed that some of the more powerful cattlemen knew where they could get a killer when one was wanted.

Cap Moffit had been suspected of the Panhandle killings. His method had been talked about—the careful planning, the unerring marksmanship, the cold efficiency.

Now Jim Bostwick was sure the same man was lying up there on Elk Ridge. Of course, there were other killers for hire, but none with Moffit's careful, almost precise manner of killing. Realizing who he had to deal with sharpened his attention. If that was Cap Moffit, this was going to be anything but easy.

Cap had the reputation of shooting but once—and he did not miss.

Yet that in itself might be an advantage if Bostwick could continue to prevent him from getting the chance he wanted—or lead him into a trap, believing he had it.

He got a slab of wood and carved on it. Then he took it out and placed it at the head of the open grave. From the top of the ridge, Moffit saw it. A cold, unimaginative man except when it came to killing, Cap Moffit was puzzled. Anything he did not



To Match The Hills'

understand disturbed him, and he did not understand this. For the first time he made a change in his plans. He decided to crawl close enough to read what was carved on the slab through his fieldglasses.

Bostwick came out, saddled up, always keeping the horse between himself and the available shelter. Then he mounted and rode away. Using the cut of the T U Creek, Cap Moffit came down the mountain and got into position under a huge old cottonwood and lifted his glasses.

Cut deep and blackened with soot the words were plain, all too plain!

Here Lies
Cap Moffit, Killer
Shot Down
Upon
This Spot
April 1877

Cap Moffit lowered his glasses and wiped his eyes. He was crazy! It couldn't be! His second long look told the same story, and he lowered the glasses. He was known! Jim Bostwick knew him!

He looked again at the carved slab. An eerie feeling stole over him. It was unnatural. It was crazy. A man looking at his own grave marker. Only the date was blank, but the month was this month, the year this year. It was a warning—and it might be a prophecy.

Cap Moffit drew back and shook his head irritably. He was a fool to be disturbed by such a thing. Bostwick thought he was smart! Why, the fool! He'd show him!

Yet how had Bostwick known him? How could he be so sure?

Cap Moffit rolled a smoke and lit it, irritation strong within him, yet there was underlying worry, too. Had he known that at that very minute Jim Bostwick was scouting the ridge top, he would have been even more worried.

Jim Bostwick had gambled on Moffit's curiosity, and to some extent he did not care. There was a hard heedlessness about Jim Bostwick when aroused. He did not like being hunted. He did not like the necessity of being careful to avoid that assassin's bullet. Leaving the ranch, he had taken the trail toward town, but he had not followed it far; instead he had turned left and ridden round the end of Elk Ridge and mounted through the trees on the southern side.

Shortly, he had found Moffit's trail, knowing the tracks from those he had seen before. Now he rode with caution, his Winchester in his hand. Soon he found Moffit's horse, and on the inspiration of a moment, he stripped off saddle and bridle and turned the animal loose. Then he followed the trail of the walking man and found his various hideouts on the ridgetop.

Rightly, he deduced that the killer was down below, but he guessed wrong. Even as he found the last place where Moffit had rested under the big pine, Moffit was coming back up the gully of the T U Creek. He was coming slowly and carefully as was his wont, but his mind was preoccupied. He did not like the thought that his prospective victim knew who he was. What if he talked? What if, even now, he had gone to town to report to the sheriff?

Even as this thought struck him, Moffit noticed something else. He had reached the back slope of the ridge, and he noticed a black saddled horse standing some 200 yards away. Yet even as he saw the horse, the black's head jerked up, its ears pricked and it looked at him.

Something moved in the brush near the horse's head, and Cap Moffit's rifle came up, leaping to his

shoulder. He saw the leaping body of Jim Bostwick, and he fired. The black sprang away, running, and Bostwick dropped, but as he hit ground, he fired!

The bullet clipped leaves not inches from his head, and Cap Moffit dropped to the ground. He slid downhill a few feet, then got up and, running lightly, circled toward his horse. He had no wish to fight a gun battle on that brush-covered, boulder-strewn mountainside. Such a battle would be too indefinite, for there not only marksmanship would be important, but woodcraft as well.

Moffit ran lightly toward his horse, then stopped. The horse was gone. An empty bridle and saddle awaited him!

Furious, he dropped back a few feet and took shelter among the rocks. He was fairly trapped! Unless—unless he could get Bostwick's horse.

It had run off, but would not go far. Probably his bullet had burned it. Yet he must be careful, for even now Bostwick might be coming down the mountain. The man would rightly deduce that the ambusher would head for his horse, so even now he might be drawing near.

Cap Moffit began to sweat. Something had gone wrong this time, and it would take all his ingenuity to get himself out of it alive. The man hunting him was no fool.

Jim Bostwick, warned by the quick swing of the black's head, had dropped. It was that dropping

Fighting to get shelter, he left a trail of scratched earth and blood behind him.

movement which drew the shot. Instantly, he rolled over and began to crawl, worming his way a full 30 yards before he stopped. His own bullet had been an instinctive reply, and he had no idea how close it had come. Yet there was nothing in him that warned him to retreat. His only idea was to get the killer for hire who had come here to kill him.

The woods were still, and the sun was hot. Here under the trees, now that the breeze had died, it was sticky and still. The air was sultry, and sweat trickled down his face. His neck itched from dust and from pine needles picked up when he rolled over. There was the acrid smell of gunpowder from his rifle, and the silence of the woods. His horse had stopped running somewhere off among the trees.

Jim Bostwick waited. Patience and alertness would win now. Here in the woods, anything might happen. His throat felt dry and he wished for a drink. Somewhere he thought he heard a faint sound, but he did not move. He was lying on brown parched pine needles in the blazing hot sun. Around him were the sharp edges and corners of rock thrust from the earth of the ridge, and not far away were larger boulders and a huge fallen log. It offered better cover, but more suspicious cover than he now had.

He waited. Somewhere an eagle cried. Something tiny scurried among the leaves. Then all was still.

His horse would come back to him. The black was trained to do just that. Yet even as he realized the black would soon be coming, another thought occurred. Cap Moffit would try to catch the horse and get away! Or kill him!

Moffit was cunning. Suppose he realized the horse was going back to Bostwick? And that he had only to wait and be guided by the horse? The black would find him, for a horse can smell out a trail as well as some dogs, if the trail is not an old one. More than

once Jim Bostwick had seen horses do just that, and the black had often followed him in that way.

The sun was blazing hot. There was no breeze. The rocks glistened with desert varnish, smooth as mirrors. Far away he heard the horse walking. Bostwick did not like waiting. It had not been his way to wait, but to barge right in, swinging or shooting, and letting things happen as they would. This was Cap Moffit's game. The cool, careful killer's game.

Moffit would be coming. Moffit had to kill him now. He forced himself to lie still. The black was nearer now. Somewhere he heard a faint whisper of sound, the brushing of jeans on a rock or branch. He slid his hand back to the trigger guard of the rifle, gripped the gun with two hands, ready to leap and shoot.

There was no further sound. The horse had stopped. Probably the black had seen Moffit.

Bostwick waited, sweating, his back cooking under the direct rays of the spring sun. Every muscle was tensed and ready for action. Suddenly there was a flashing movement and a gun blasted, a rifle bullet cut through his hat brim and burned along his back. Instantly he fired, not holding his shots, one in the center, then quickly left and right of the spot from which the shot had come.

Another bullet notched his ear and he rolled over, down the south side of the ridge, trying to avoid the next shot until he could get to his feet. A bullet smashed dirt into his eyes and he fired blindly.

Rolling over, he lunged to his feet and dived for the shelter of some rocks. A bullet smashed into the rocks and ricocheted almost in his face, whining past his ear with a scream like a banshee. He hit ground and behind him he heard Moffit running to get another shot. The rifle roared behind him and he felt his rifle smashed from his hands and saw its stock was splintered.

He lunged to his feet again and threw himself in a long dive for some brush as the rifle bellowed again. He felt the shock of that bullet and knew that he was hit. Moffit wasn't stopping, but was coming on. Bostwick whirled and grabbed for his six-shooter.

As it came into his hand, he threw himself to his feet just as Moffit sprang into the open. Jim Bostwick braced himself with the world rolling under him and the sweat in his eyes and the smell of blood in his nostrils, and he threw lead from his .44 and saw dust jump from Moffit's shirt. The smaller man fell back and hit the ground, but shot from the ground. Jim Bostwick felt the shock of that bullet, but he fired as he was falling, and missed.

He rolled over into the brush and, filled with sudden panic that he might get caught there in the open, he fought and scrambled his way through the brush. Fighting to get to shelter, he left a trail of scratched earth and blood behind him.

When he could stop, he rolled over to a sitting position and reloaded his six-shooter. There was no sound. He knew that Cap Moffit was not dead, but that one of them would die here, perhaps both. His gun loaded, he looked to his wounds. He had a hole through the fleshy upper part of his thigh, and it was bleeding badly. He plugged that with a handkerchief, torn to use on both sides, then examined his chest.

He was afraid the bullet had struck him in a vital spot, for the shock of it had turned him sick. However, he was fortunate. The bullet had struck his hip bone and ricocheted off, making a nasty open wound, but nothing deep. He drew the lips of the wound together and bound it with his torn shirt.

"Men To Match The Hills" continues.

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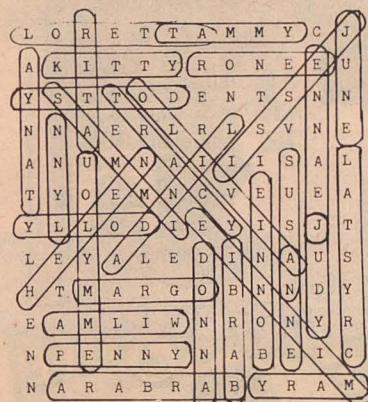
COUNTRYSTYLE

Star Search

By DIANE DEAN

OK, country fans. Sharpen your pencils and take a look at this alphabet soup. No, it's not the chart you read at the eye doctor's. It's a puzzle we made to test your knowledge of

Answers to Puzzle No. 1



Country music comedienne Minnie Pearl was born in—

country music. We hope you like it because there'll be more. Here's how it works.

The names of people, places, and things relating to Johnny Cash are hidden in the maze of letters. The names read forward, backward, up, down or diagonally, are always in a straight line and never skip letters. We have started by circling ARKANSAS. The names may overlap and letters may be used more than once, but not all of the letters will be used.

1. The Cash family came to America from SCOTLAND in 1673.

2-4. Johnny Cash was born a PISCES in KINGSLAND, ARKANSAS.

5,6. Shortly after Johnny's

birth, his father, RAY Cash moved the family to DYESS, Arkansas.

7,8. Johnny grew up with several brothers and sisters including REBA and ROY. 9,10. When he was stationed in GERMANY, Johnny Cash bought his first GUITAR.

11-13. He met JUNE CARTER for the first time in July 1956, at the GRAND OLE OPRY.

14-15. They were married on MARCH 3, 1968, and have one son, JOHN Carter Cash.

16-17. June's parents are EZRA and MAYBELLE Carter.

18. The Johnny Cash family now lives on a farm near Hendersonville, TENN.

C E N T E R V I L L E,

T E N N. on Oct. 25.

Y R A T I U G M F D F M
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R K I N G S L A N D A M
S E C S I P B N A A C R
B L J U N E U E M S R E
S I V A R T E L R E M G

Another of Johnny Cash's best songs can be found by writing down the uncircled letters, starting at the top of the puzzle and reading from left to right.

19. One of Johnny's close friends is MERLE TRAVIS. 20. Johnny Cash has appeared on many television shows, including HEE HAW.

21-24. A few of Johnny Cash's most popular songs are MAN IN BLACK, Ring of FIRE, I WALK The Line, and A Boy Named SUE.

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MO. FEMALE—19-5148-F - Divorced, 3 children, (16-15-6), 35, 5'3", 160, red hr., blue eyes. Like C&W music, my horse, dancing, camping. Marriage minded. Age ?

OHIO FEMALE—19-5149-F - Brn. hr. & eyes, 29, fairly attractive, non-smoker or drinker. Like C&W music, especially Statler Brothers, reading, movies, live country shows. Seek man, 29-33 for correspondence, dates.

CALIF. FEMALE—17-5145-F - Widow, 28, white, brn. hr., blue eyes, 5'1". Like Country music, cooking, sewing, camping. Seek male companion, 28-40, possible marriage. Photo & phone if possible.

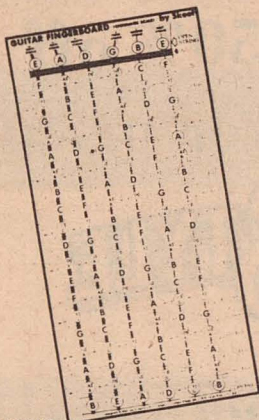
WI. FEMALE—17-5144-F - Single, sweet, cute, fun, lovable, Irish, 35. Live for rock & C&W music. Purely plain, but smart. Need band. Very versatile. I play rhythm. Photo on request.

CALIF. FEMALE—18-5141-F - Divorced, white, 25, non-drinker or smoker, three children, 5, 3, & 1. Like C&W music, camping, fishing, traveling. Seek to correspond with kind, honest, understanding man.

VA. FEMALE—20-5142-F - Secretary, never married, 35, 5'4", brn. hr. & eyes. Like spectator sports, reading, animals, children, C&W music, country living. Seek correspondence, friendship with males 35-50 who share interests.

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WIS. FARM GIRL—19-5151-F - Brn. Hr. & eyes, 19, 5'6", 145, good looking, shy, hard-working, non-drinker. Likes C&W music, camping, fishing, horses, farmlife. Owns Ayrshirer. Seek honest, non-drinker, hard-working farm boy, 18-24, marriage-minded.

UP-STATE N.Y. WIDOW—15-5135-F - Intelligent, pretty, 31, 5'5 1/2", 127, bld-brn. hr., grey eyes, son 8 years old, miss working as a team, towards future goals & security of love shared as a family. Enjoy cook-outs, camping, conversation, C&W music, etc. Exchange letters & photos.

MO. FEMALE—19-5154-F - Green eyes, frosty gray hr., 46, 5'7", 190. Hobbies, travel, outdoors, cooking. Favorite C&W singers are Charley Pride & Loretta Lynn. Seek to correspond with men 45-50 from Missouri or Tennessee.

MICH. MALE—19-5150-1 - White, single, 21, 6'2", 210, average looking, currently in U.S. Navy, non-smoker. Hobbies are reading, travel & outdoors. Favorite singers are Loretta Lynn & Tanya Tucker. I am marriage minded.

CANADA MALE—19-5152-1 - Financially well to do, 43, have 600 acre farm in southern Manitoba. Seek sincere lady, 35-47 that would write to me. I am marriage minded. I have no objection to 1 or 2 children. Will ans. all. Photo.

TENN. MALE—19-5153-1 - Divorced, 45, 6', 180. Enjoys country music, simple life. Seeks young lady to 30 who likes same, possible marriage, must relocate. Photo, phone. Will answer all.

ARIZONA MALE—16-5137-1 - White, 36, divorced, 6', 165, brn. hr., blue eyes, Capricorn, self-employed, intelligent, honest, C&W fan. Would like to meet attractive females to 40, for friendship, possible marriage. Photos please.

UTAH MALE—18-5139-1 - White, 28, good looking, 6'1", 225, brn. eyes, brn. hr., divorced, very gentle, affectionate and I have been hurt. Love C&W music. Seek sincere, goodlooking, shapely, country girl, 21-35 who is not just out for goodtimes & money, a one man woman who does not mind starting over. I love children. 1 or 2 small children OK. Photo, please.

INDIANA MALE—16-5138-1 - White, divorced, 38, 6', 180, own home. Like traveling, camping, motorcycling. Seek attractive girl to age 38. Children OK. Favorites are Don Williams, Ray Price. Photo if possible.

ILLINOIS MALE—16-5140-1 - White, 27, divorced, has custody of 2 children, 5'10", blk. hr., hazel eyes, 175. Likes all music, dancing, traveling, fun with kids. Own home, securities, marriage minded. Ans. all. Belleville-St. Louis area.

IDAHO MALE—16-5136-1 - 23, 5'9", brn. hr., hazel eyes. Likes hiking, fishing, sports, C&W music. Like Dolly Parton, Donna Fargo. Seek honest, good natured, older woman for affectionate friendship. Ans. all. Photo please.

MD. MALE—17-5146-1 - 36, 6'1", 145, brn. hr., brn. eyes, divorced, lonely, one child, 14, steady worker, marriage minded. Like putting models together, races, C&W music. Loretta Lynn, Jeannie C. Riley, Johnny Cash are my favorites. Photo, phone, address.

NEW JERSEY MALE—17-5143-1 - Handsome, faithful, generous, understanding, 30, 5'9", 160, financially secure. Seek beautiful slim female, 18-24 who will relocate for early marriage. Child welcomed. Past unimportant. Photo please.

VA. MALE—18-5147-1 - Single, white, 23, 5'8", blue eyes, brn. hr. & mustache. Like music, sports, movies, travel, making new friends. Roy Clark favorite. Seek friendly correspondence with females, 17-24.

N.J. MALE—16-5132-1 - Handsome, financially secure, 35, 5'9", 160, romantic, generous, understanding. Seeking marriage-minded, affectionate, slim, shapely young girl, 18-25. Child welcomed. Past unimportant. Photo please.

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Faron Young, Too Late For Film Stardom

(Continued from page 12)

warmly, even though his publication—"Music City News"—is a competitor. "I can't go no place without seein' your magazine."

The subject of women seems to be a sore spot for the entertainer, and rightfully so. Faron and his wife of 22 years, Hilda, split during the latter part of 1976, and he was forced by the divorce suit to leave his family and his 8½-acre estate near Nashville.

He also walked out on a business arrangement, a nightspot off Nashville's lower Broadway known as Faron Young's "Jailhouse." A quarrel with the owner's

wife precipitated the move, he said.

"They had 700 people in there before I walked out," he said, "and when I left everybody got up and walked out. I think they had 12 customers left in there."

The Singing Sheriff won't be missing from the local Music City entertainment scene long, however. Plans were underway, he said, for him to finance his own nightspot.

"There's some people I'm supposed to meet who want to put some money in it," he said.

Despite the personal problems, 1976 was a good year for Young. His in-

vestments—including an office building he helped design—proved successful, and he enjoyed another outstanding year as a performer.

The perennially popular singer had several successful single releases for Mercury Records, including "Feel Again," "I'd Just Be Fool Enough" and "The Best I Ever Had." His latest album,

"I'd Just Be Fool Enough," includes "Here I Am In Dallas," "Feel Again" and the title song of the album.

Backed by the Country Deputies, he headlined several special appearances including the July 3 Bicentennial event for the WWVA's Wheeling Jamboree, and the Bicentennial celebration at Cambridge, Ohio's Salt Fork Junction.

He also toured with Dolly Parton, visiting Spokane, Wash., Portland, Ore., Seattle and the Canadian cities of Edmonton, Winnipeg, Regina and Calgary.

The large crowds he drew were testimony to Young's lasting popularity among country music fans, and few artists can match him in durability and consistent high ratings on the record charts.



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As Fonzie on television's "Happy Days," Henry Winkler has become the hottest property in show business. He is America's No. 1 hero—idolized by millions of people of all ages.

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In an exclusive interview in MODERN PEOPLE magazine Winkler talks candidly about himself, his role and his views on a variety of subjects. The interview is in two parts—in the May 22 and May 29 issues of MODERN PEOPLE. You can pick up the magazine wherever CountryStyle is sold.

Tell Us What You Think

We think we have a pretty good idea of what you want in CountryStyle, but we'd like to be sure. That's what we're all about—giving you what you want and what you haven't been able to get anywhere else.

So, if you have a pen or pencil around (borrow or steal one if you don't), how about filling out the questionnaire below?

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Dear CountryStyle:

Thanks,
The Editors

Okay, I'll do it this time but you'd better not be wasting my time. Don't blame me if you don't like some of the answers. You asked for it.

- Who's your favorite country star?
Current performer: _____
Male _____ Female _____
Old time performer: _____
Male _____ Female _____
- What's your favorite country song?
Recent _____
Golden Oldie _____
- What's your favorite country group? _____
- Where do you hear most of your country music? List 1-2-3 order:
Radio _____ Records _____ Tapes _____ Concerts _____
Other (specify) _____
- Do you own a guitar? Yes _____ No _____ If yes what kind. Acoustic _____ Electric _____
Other _____
- Do you own:
Stereo _____ What kind? _____ What's its value? _____
Tape player _____ What kind? _____ What's its value? _____
- What article did you like the most in CountryStyle? _____
- What article did you like the least? _____
- What would you like to see more of? _____
- Do you make more than \$15,000 a year: _____ Less than \$15,000: _____
- What magazines do you regularly read? _____
- Do you get your magazines at the newsstand? _____ By subscription? _____
- Do you read the ads in these magazines? Yes _____ No _____
- How much money do you spend on country entertainment per month (records, tapes, concerts, etc.)? _____
- What is the average cost for tickets to country shows in your town? _____
- What type of country music do you enjoy the most (one only): Progressive _____ Bluegrass _____ Country jazz _____ Gospel _____ Other _____
- What are your favorite TV shows? _____
- Favorite movies _____
- Do you smoke or chew tobacco? _____
- Do you drink beer _____ wine _____ mixed drinks _____
- Are you a student? Yes _____ No _____ School _____
- ☐ Please enter my subscription. I'm enclosing \$5 for 10 issues of CountryStyle.
- ☐ I'm already a subscriber.
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Name _____ Age _____

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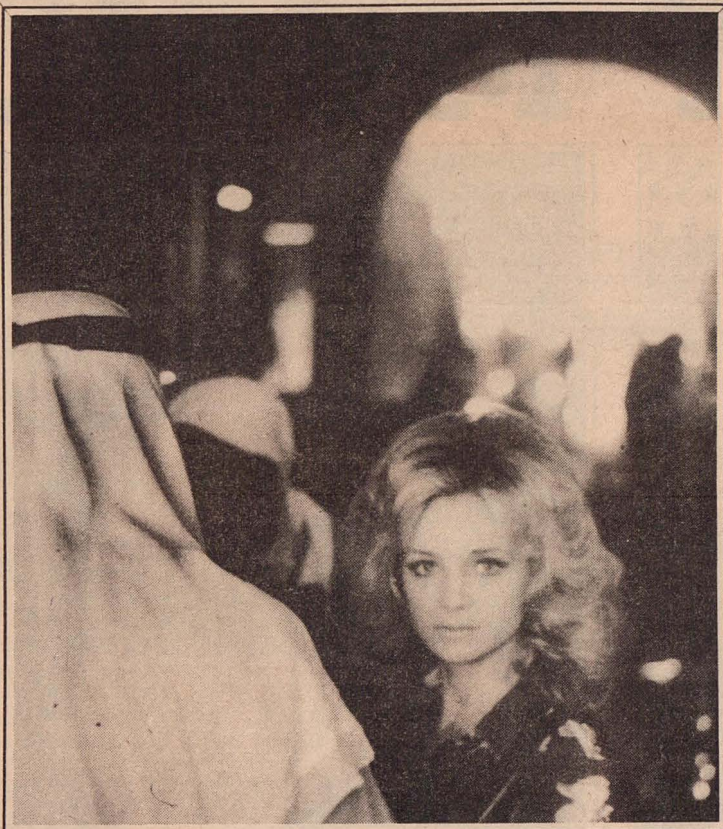


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Framed by an ancient arch, Barbara Mandrell shops for exotic souvenirs in a native marketplace in Saudi Arabia. Only the fourth entertainer allowed in the country, she was the target of curiosity among natives wherever she went.

Barbara Mandrell's Arabian Nights

(Continued from page 37)

she notes, as if reciting from Amy Vanderbilt.

"I am an animal lover and I got a little squeamish when I found out they eat camels. Young camel is very delicious," she says—"I'm told!"

She tells of stopping alongside a team of camels and cajoling the band into taking a picture of her "as near to one as I could get." As she inched closer and closer to the animal, with no little trepidation, she glanced over her shoulder to find the band petting one of the beasts. How tall did you say you felt, Barbara?

The Saudis are also a very religious people, mostly Sunni Moslem and devotees to the Nation of Islam, and pray five times a day. "You would see trick drivers stopping along the road and kneeling in the sand, with their foreheads to the ground facing Mecca," she recounts.

There are no movie houses, dance halls or alcoholic beverages in Saudi Arabia, though Barbara coaxed her guide into telling her about something called sadiki, a clear bootleg alcohol that runs about 190 proof.

"When we would do 'Rocky Top' in the show, I'd follow it by saying, 'I didn't know y'all knew anything about moonshine stills here' and the Americans would laugh. Then

I'd mention sadiki and the place would break up," she said.

She didn't get into any heavy discussions about the oil business on her trip, but came away with an "everything is relative" attitude toward the oil sheiks.

"For an imperial gallon of gas, and it's all premium over there, you pay 14 cents," she said. "But they pay 50 cents for a quart of bottled drinking water. It's right next to Pepsi on the stands."

Mandrell said ARAMCO expressed an interest in booking one act a month for short tours and invited the Barbara Mandrell troupe to return. If they do, the "Midnight Angel" will be ready: she bought two Arabian outfits for herself and a headdress for husband Ken, who couldn't make the trip.

For the children, the careful mother brought back chests of Indian teakwood and brass, filled (wisely) with gold, frankincense and myrrh. "They'll appreciate them when they get older," she predicted.

And a little something else. "I've been in country music 17 years and it's given me so much. I've always wanted to give something back I'm so proud that I was the first country act there.

"Everybody wants to be a first."

In Memory Of Lefty

When William Orville "Lefty" Frizzell died July 19, 1975, at the age of 42, country music lost all too soon one of its brightest stars. When CountryStyle found that Frizzell was not among the country music greats enshrined along the Walkway of the Stars at Nashville's Country Music Hall of Fame, we decided to help correct the situation by donating half of the \$1,000 sponsoring fee and serving as a clearinghouse for the

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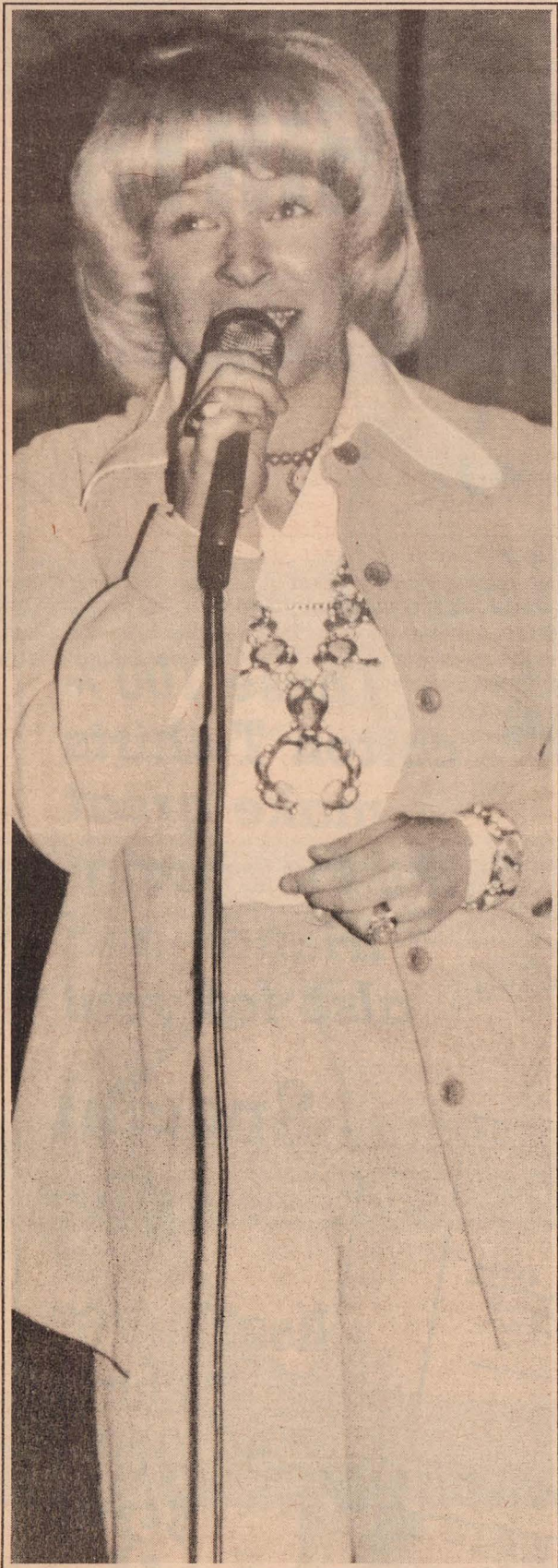
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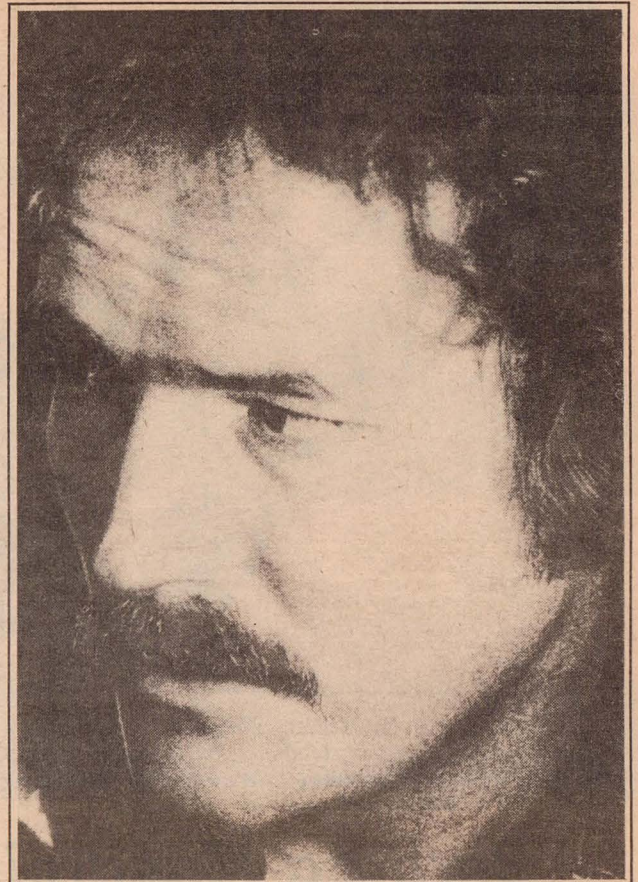
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COUNTRY MUSIC

It Took A Little Coaxing To Start The Northwoods Singing



She's got the same name and blonde hair, but Canada's Carroll Baker is not related to the movie actress. She's famous in her own right: she's the top female country vocalist in Canada.



Canadian country performers had differing opinions of the 1970 government legislation which forced radio stations to fill one third of their playlists with songs by Canadian artists. Anne Murray and Gordon Lightfoot (top, left and right) complained of overexposure because there were so few Canadian country performers on record then. But the first generation of recorded Canadian country was thankful for the leg up.

By GERRY MASSOP

Besides Mounties, Eskimos and miles and miles of timber, Canada has a growing interest in country music.

"The country music field in Canada is somewhat restricted and overshadowed by the more contemporary sounds," explains Walt Grealis, publisher of the Canadian music trade paper "RPM Weekly" and a prime mover to correct the situation.

That Canada has any domestic music industry at all is largely due to pressures put on government, radio and major record companies by Grealis. He was influential in getting the Canadian Radio Television Commission (CRTC) to make radio stations fill one third of their playlists with songs by Canadian artists. Since the first issue of "RPM Weekly" in 1964, Grealis has fought to establish a Canadian music industry, of which country is a small but promising part.

The Canadian content legislation, passed in 1970, created havoc in the northern music industry. Records, many of very poor quality, were coming out of every hole in the wall and every hustler with a two-track recorder was suddenly a producer.

While Canada's two heavies, Gordon Lightfoot and Anne Murray, complained of overexposure because of the legislation, many lesser known talents like famed folksinger Valdy admitted, "Was it not for the Canadian content legislation, I'd still be choppin' cordwood in Sooke."

Grealis also initiated the various music awards systems. The Juno Awards (named after former CRTC chairman Pierre Juneau) are given in various categories of music including country, for outstanding performances, sales and compositions. The Maple Leaf Awards recognize outstanding sales. And since 1974 we have had the Big Country Awards.

All these presentations were formerly handled by the "RPM" publication, but now the Junos are awarded by the Academy of Recording Arts and

Sciences, and the Big Country Awards are handled by the Academy of Country Music Entertainment, similar to the Country Music Association in the U.S. ACME held its first annual meeting during the Big Country Weekend in September of 1976 in Edmonton.

Three varying country scenes prevail in Canada: the Atlantic Coast Maritime region, the French Canadian region in Quebec, and that part west of Quebec—Ontario, the Prairie provinces and British Columbia.

The Maritime region has its own style of "Down East Country," a style of music that dates back to the days of the pioneers, usually singing of local happenings, such as "The Night We Stole Aunt Martha's Sheep" by Dick Nolan of Newfoundland. This record sold some 150,000 copies in Newfoundland alone.

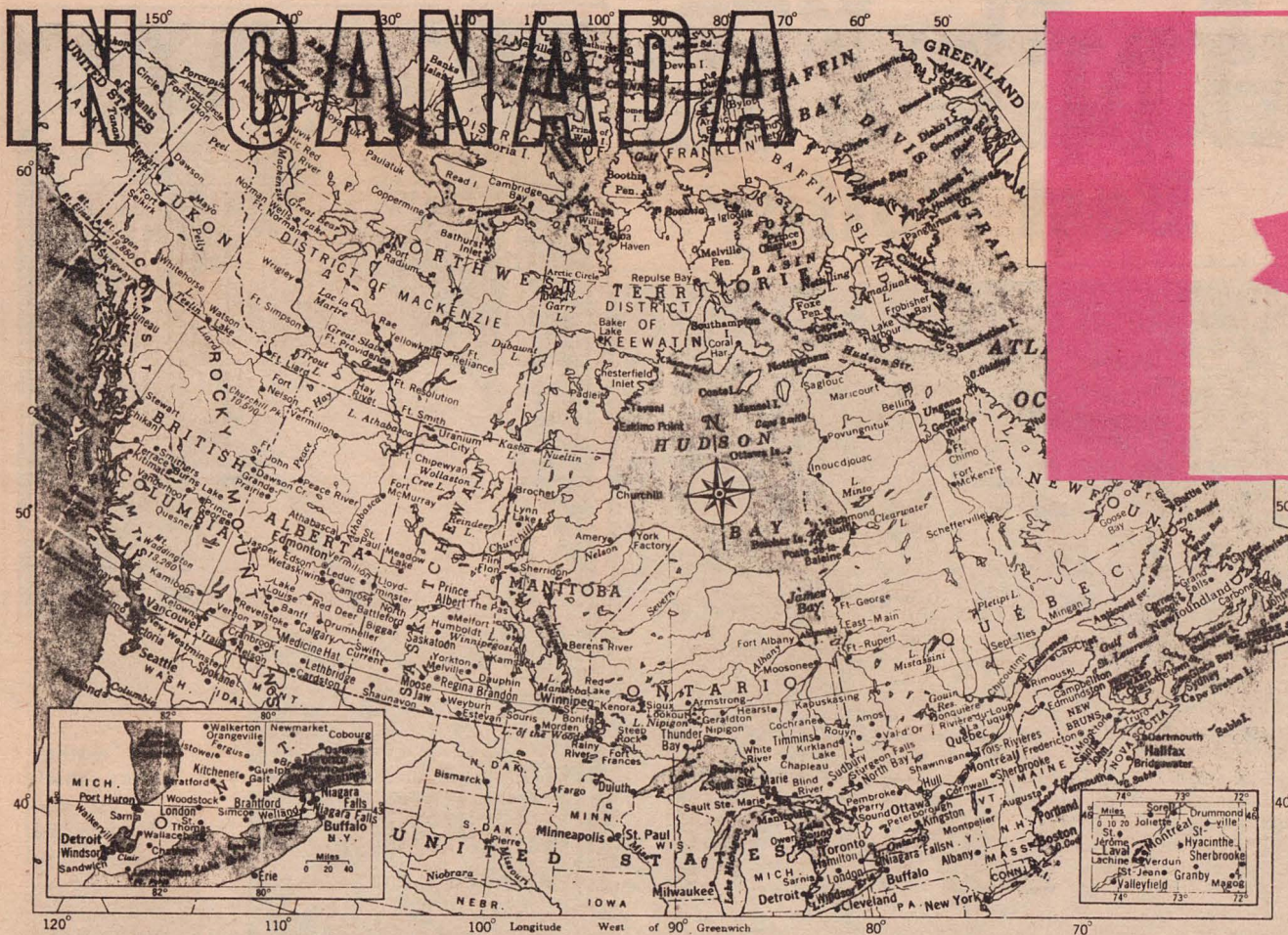
Another and better known country artist is Stompin' Tom Connors from Prince Edward Island, who refuses to veer from his homespun music. When he first started singing in the Ontario mining town of Timmins, people came to the beer parlor in such droves that soon there was standing room only, in a place where 10 patrons normally made for a busy night.

Tom has some 20 albums on the market, had his own national TV show and is well loved, though his biggest following is in the Maritimes.

French Canada is an entity in itself. It has its own awards system and French Canadian artists do not take part in the National Juno Awards or the Big Country Awards. A thriving music trade exists right inside the province of Quebec, with its own star and awards system.

One of the Quebec groups is, however, breaking into the Anglo-Canadian market. "The Jerry and Jo-Anne Show" appeared at the Big Country Weekend in Edmonton, where they showcased their talents. They rate an A-1.

Canada west of Quebec may be likened to the U.S. styles of country music. Many of the Western artists (though even some of those hail from the



Maritimes) do a lot of their recordings in the U.S. — Nashville, L.A. and some are talking of Texas.

Some of the better known artists, such as Dick Damron and Carroll Baker, record in Nashville. Dick Damron has had tremendous success in Canada and the United Kingdom, as well as parts of Europe.

His latest album, "Waylon's T-Shirt," was recorded in Nashville and released in the U.S. on Record Productions of America. Damron is good and has got it together. Should the U.S. pick up on him, there will be another Canadian artist with the same international stature as Gordon Lightfoot or Anne Murray.

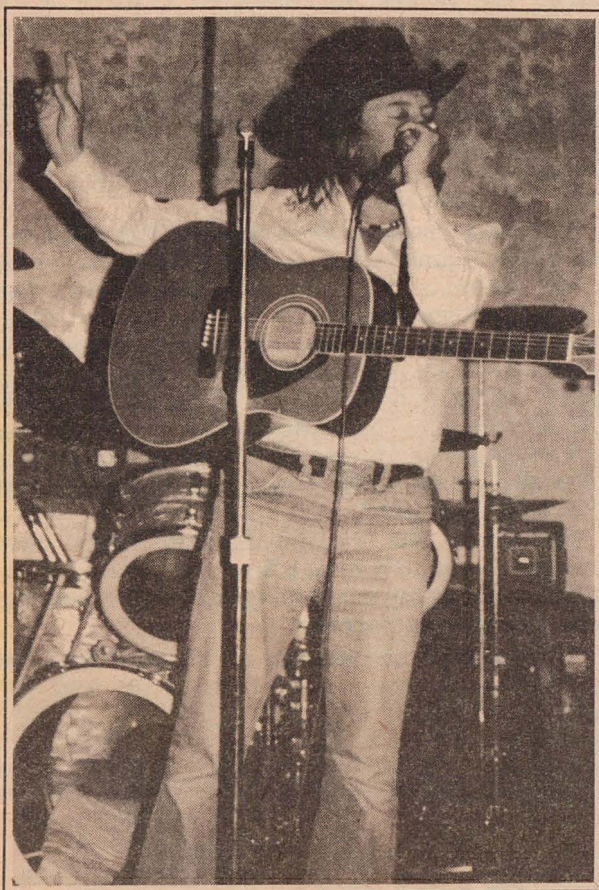
He has won many awards in the past 25 years, his records hit an almost consistent top spot on the national charts, he has appeared at the Grand Ole

Opry and headlined the International Music Festival at Wembley, England, with such greats as Merle Haggard and Dolly Parton. In '76 he won the awards for Composer of the Year, and Top Country Male Singer of Canada.

Carroll Baker, a petite blonde out of the Anne Murray mold, hails from Nova Scotia and did not want to be a singer (though she admits if she had to be a singer she said she'd do it country style).

She was conned into going on stage to sing a song or two some years ago, and just never got off it. Her career followed a line of mediocre successes until she was called upon to perform at the '76 Juno Awards show, and it was all it took. She did such a marvelous job with an old Conway Twitty number, "Never Been This Far Before," that demands for her talents came at her from all angles.

She was rewarded during the Big Country Awards '76, where she won awards for Top Female Country Singer and Top Country Album entitled "Carroll Baker."



Dick Damron, Canada's "Willie Nelson."

Radio stations have become aware of the selling power of country music, so that now 190 of 380 stations are programming some country music. Five of the major stations (50,000 watts) are programming all country music.

Canada's first all-country music radio was CFCW of Edmonton, Alberta. Program director Bev Munro remembers the early days. "When I first started as a D.J., you had to be a believer, and if a station did not program country music I didn't stay. I used to do a lot of moving."

Record company execs complain of the economics of country in Canada. Barry Haugen of RCA Canada states, "Country record sales in Canada represent approximately 11 per cent of total sales." Others, such as Al Mair of Attic Records, say, "Anything from 10,000 to 15,000 is considered good sales."

Yet along comes Ed LaBuick of TeeVee International who merchandises his records through the TV media, and sells nearly half a million copies of Charley Pride's "Best in Canada" recorded from a live TV show. Danny LaRoch, also of TeeVee International, says, "This is the biggest album sales ever in Canada, including rock and contemporary music of all sorts."

The problem seems to be with the merchandising, and promotion. Rod Stephens of CKCY Red Deer, Alberta, says, "To find country records in our stores, you have to fight your way through a maze of rock promotion to a forgotten corner of the store." Dave Charles of CFGM Toronto sums it up by saying, "We are actually treated as second-class citizens in our record stores."

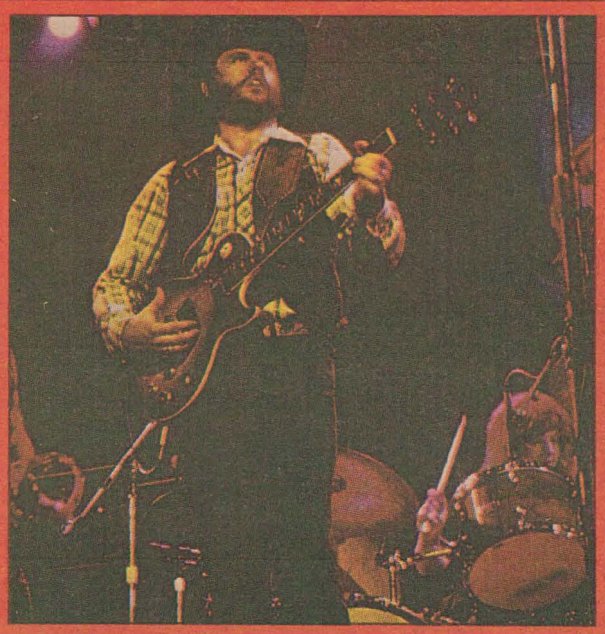
LOOK

What's
Coming In

- ★ Among those who know him, Don Drumm is considered one of the most accomplished musicians around. But to city folk, he's a "Country Playboy."
 - ★ Her records still are played, and she still receives fan mail. But 14 years after her death, the music world can only speculate on how far the career of spunky, golden-voiced Patsy Cline would have gone.
 - ★ It's one of the most celebrated country style extravaganzas, and Nashville already is gearing up for the 1977 edition of Fan Fair.
 - ★ Tom T. Hall loves little baby ducks, old pickup trucks, slow-moving trains and rain. But real happiness, according to the singer/songwriter, is lots an' lots of animals.
 - ★ Like many other country artists, Charlie Rich paid his dues before reaching stardom. And the "Silver Fox" is glad he did.
 - ★ He was born Henry John Deutschendorf Jr. on New Year's Eve in 1943. But since that rather inauspicious start, John Denver has come a long way.
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COUNTRYSTYLE

For The MTB, Honesty Is The Best Policy



Toy Caldwell's bare thumb-picking gives the Marshall Tucker Band an edge (above) over the field of country-rock bands. The band, enjoying a sunny Paris afternoon at right, consists of (l to r) Doug Gray, Paul Riddle, Toy Caldwell, George McCorkle, Jerry Eubanks and Tommy Caldwell.



"Nothin' fancy. That's us," says Tommy, the younger of the Caldwell brothers and like his mates a self-proclaimed "good ol' boy" from Spartanburg, S.C. The Caldwells enjoy hunting and golf during their off hours.



By JAY MacDONALD

The Marshall Tucker Band has a formula for success that spurns pyrotechnics, live buffalos on stage, mohair uniforms and all the other trappings of the rock circus.

It's called honesty.

"The average American wants to hear a damn good solid song, something they can get lost in," contends bassist Tommy Caldwell.

"Nothin' fancy. That's us, nothin' fancy."

Tommy, brother Toy, the four other band members and a traveling troupe of 20 have, in fact, tested the formula in concerts throughout most of the world.

And it's never failed, crows Tommy.

"Take Hamburg, Germany. There aren't even any GIs in Hamburg, but when we played there a guy whipped out a Confederate flag, and they were drinkin' Jack Daniel's! They were right in there with us," he recalls.

"And in Paris, it was a full house in this circus arena, about 8,000 people, nobody there could speak English, and they sat like this (pertly crosses his legs) and they might pop it (polite clap) once or twice, right?"

"The first thing they noticed about us was we weren't bullshittin' them and by the fourth song, by 'Can't You See,' they were standing on their seats."

Even before a crowd of 17,000 huddled in a massive auditorium in the nation's capitol to celebrate the victory of a Southerner named Carter, the Tucker formula overcame a decided predisposition to Guy Lombardo.

"There was all this black and white, tuxedos. We went straight ahead, with 'Fire On The Mountain' and 'Searchin' For A Rainbow,' nothing heavy, and

they called us back for an encore," Tommy said. "And you'd see a 55-year-old in the back shakin' his hands for more."

"Honesty will definitely get it jumpin'," he said.

The MTB has, in fact, been a working stiff's band for as long as Caldwell could remember.

"In 1973-74, we were playing 310 dates a year. If you go and play to the people they'll never let you down. We have the support of radio and TV people but you can't depend on them," Tommy explains.

The fans have decidedly not let the Tucker boys down. Since their first release in 1973 for Capricorn Records out of Macon, Ga., the sextet from Spartanburg, S.C., has amassed gold records for such Southern rock classics as "Searchin' For A Rainbow" and "Long Hard Ride," though it was still considered by many as the "baby Allman Brothers" and an opening act.

That's fan appeal.

Tommy Caldwell's eyes light up when asked to outline the band's approach.

"You've got to have an attitude about it," he begins. "Me, (rhythm guitarist) George McCorkle and (drummer) Paul Riddle try to lay in the groove, that groove that the average guy wants to hear, something that Toy and Jerry (Eubanks) can build on."

"We grew up trying to play together. We're not like some bands that don't like playing the same lick over and over, we want to lay that down."

"And Toy's guitar playing is . . . well, he's just got the best shake I've ever seen."

It is Toy's distinctive style, playing without a pick with his thumb, the open throated singing of Doug Gray and the flute and sax work of Eubanks that convey the MTB sound.

With the release of its sixth album, "Carolina Dreams," and the single "Heard It In A Love Song," the Tucker band assumed its place at the vanguard of Southern rock, following the breakup of the Allmans.

And with no intention of turning away from live performance, or the fans that put them where they are, Tommy Caldwell admits the band members are taking a more reasonable "10 days on tour, 10 days off" schedule.

That likely came at the request of the wives (all six men are married) as well as a desire to pursue other interests at home in Spartanburg. Toy Caldwell raises and shows Arabian horses, Gray and McCorkle drive drag racers and Riddle is a "racketball freak," according to Tommy, who admits to being a 5-handicap golfer who attended the University of South Carolina for two years on a golf scholarship. He and Toy head for the hills as often as possible to hunt duck and wild turkey ("the live kind," he adds).

To borrow the sentiments from their most popular album, it's been a long, hard ride for the MTB, and Tommy is anything but bitter about the years of playing barroom dives.

"Toy went in the service in '66 and I kept the band together then. I went in in '69 and Toy kept it together. We were all in at one time or another," he recalls.

"If it wasn't for Uncle Sam, we would have been here a long time ago."

